

That greatness which from earth derives its name
MISCELLANIES,
 With worth which from inherent greatness flows
 Immortal honours from itself bestows.

I N
 Such scenes was mine, O ever-honour'd Shade
 In the young tomb to quietly laid.
 I will keep thy precious name
PROSE and VERSE.

Of could the state with sentiment compare
 As three revolving spheres from the heart
 Of you alighted numbers, shrouded in words
 Or make her tears in softer currents flow

By Miss EDWARDS.
 And bright Rapture gave a calm good desire
 For pleasures once her own, now torn away;
 And let no lurking fond idea stay,
 That youth is lost with transient sorrow all.
 And almost now, when youth thy faded will.

But, oh! what means this radiant blaze of light
 A form angelic strikes my ravish'd sight.
 Ye powers, what melting numbers can declare
 His heav'nly beauty, and exalted air!
 He speaks, the harmony of heav'n I hear,
EDINBURGH.

Printed for the Author, and sold by C. ELLIOT.
MDCCCLXXVI.

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Printed for the Author, and J. G. B. 1784

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MISCELLANIES,

In PROSE and VERSE.

Elegiac Verses on DEATH.

NOW silver Cynthia's melancholy ray
Succeeds to sultry Phœbus' scorching beams :
Hail ! fair majestic sister of the day,
Thy shade inspires me with sublimer themes.

O seize this sacred soul-improving hour ;
Ye vain, fantastic, busy passions, fly,
Whilst I contemplate Death's terrific power :
O think, my soul ! how awful 'tis to die.

The view alarms and staggers every heart :
Though distant seen, though not expected nigh,
How Nature shrinks from that tremendous dart,
And sadly heaves the universal sigh !

Where is the mortal man that dreads not Death ;
 To bid relations, light, and life, adieu ;
 To quit each dear pursuit with fleeting breath ;
 T' encounter scenes so dark, unknown, and new ?

Where is the sinner that is not appall'd,
 To stand unbodied in his Maker's sight,
 To hear the sentence ne'er to be recall'd,
 Left it exclude him from the realms of light ?

These make it terrible to Adam's race ;
 Ah ! hapless race ! conceiv'd in sin and woe
 A prey to Death, to ruin, and disgrace,
 With every ill which from that source can flow.

But see ! from yonder parted cloud appears
 A bright celestial ray of shining light ;
 And lo ! a fair angelic form she wears
 Now rushing forward on my ravish'd sight.

She speaks, the harmony of Heaven breaks forth
 Upon mine ear, in emphasis divine
 Come, Muse, rehearse ; for its important worth
 Shall make my soul each gloomy thought resign
 And praise the Lord for dangers bravely past
 I am RELIGION, — hear my cheering voice ;
 From heaven I come, disorder'd man to cure ;
 In CHRIST, the Lord, to make the world rejoice,
 And render their salvation firm and sure.

I strip each terror from Death's awful hour.
 To God's Eternal Son your praises sing,
 Who, tho' the mangled victim of his power,
 Blasts all his conquests, blunts his mortal sting.

He rose triumphant, and a blissful train
 Of saints redeem'd burst from the silent dust,
 To grace his resurrection, and to gain
 Rewards unspeakable amongst the just.

Why then recoil at Death? that friend to man,
 Physician for each ill to mortals giv'n,
 Whose space is wisely measur'd to a span,
 To make him fix his wayward thoughts on heav'n.

Sin did so fatally the soil subdue,
 That Death, with all his meagre train, took
 place;
 With pain and anguish still he doth pursue,
 As lawful carnage, all the human race.
 But when the mould'ring tenement falls down,
 The tyrant is disarm'd, and stands aghast;
 The prisoner flies to gain a heav'nly crown.
 And praise the Lord for dangers bravely past.

There, in a rapture of seraphic love,
 At Jesus' blessed feet those crowns are laid;
 Sweet Halleluiah's swell the courts above,
 To him whose bitter death their ransom paid.

Can, then, the perils of this present scene,
 Allay the courage Heav'nly Hope inspires;
 Those great rewards, which Time hath never seen,
 Shall bless the soul beyond its vast desires.

She ceas'd: — My soul confided in her truth;
 Nor longer wept th' unalterable doom.
 Faith gives assurance of immortal youth,
 Where saints shall flourish safe, beyond the tomb.

Come, Grace Divine, with all thy pow'rful aid;
 Come, Heav'nly Fortitude, my soul inspire;
 Still in my view be JESUS' cross display'd;
 That sight to proper views my soul shall fire.

Early with weeping Mary let me go,
 To see that blessed spot where JESUS lay;
 The grave no more shall fright me whilst below;
 Resign'd I'll mingle with my kindred clay,

Till that long-wish'd-for happy morning smile,
 When God shall make the silent dead arise;
 Each scatter'd particle shall come the while,
 And fly to meet its Saviour in the skies.

There shall the happy soul and body meet,
 With gratulations, ecstasy divine,
 In blooming youth, immortal and complete,
 Through endless years for evermore to shine.

Come,

Come, Death, thou gentle messenger of peace,
 Why should thy lugbear-phantoms me affright?
 Thy stroke makes ev'ry painful feeling cease,
 And opens but passage to th' realm of light.

She said:—My soul couched in her truth;
 No longer wept in wretched doom,
 Faith gives assurance of immortal youth,
 Where pains shall flourish late, beyond the tomb.

Come, Grace Divine, with all thy pow'ful aid;
 Come, heav'nly Fortitude, my soul inspire;
 Still in my view be Jesus' cross display'd;
 That light to proper views my soul shall fire.

Early with weeping Mary let me go
 To see that blessed spot where I lay;
 The grave no more shall fright me, it below;
 Rejoice I'll mingle with my kindred clay.

Still that long-wild-for happy morning smile
 When God shall make the silent dead arise;
 Each scatter'd particle shall come the while,
 And fly to meet its Saviour in the skies.

There shall the happy soul and body meet,
 With gratulations, ecstasies divine,
 In glorious youth, immortal and complete,
 Through endless years for evermore to shine.

Come,

Elegy on Lord ELGIN.

SAY, Muse, what mournful numbers now must
 flow!
 What dismal verse can suit so vast a woe!
 How to the ear this solemn truth convey,
 That ELGIN mingles with his kindred clay!
 That graceful form, scarce past life's freshest
 bloom,

When Nature promis'd lengthen'd years to come,
 Lo! Death arrests him in the silent tomb.

No more on earth his high-exalted mind,
 And bless'd example, now instructs mankind;
 Bold in an age like this vice to controul,
 And curb each rising folly in the soul;
 Patron and father of th' unhappy poor,
 Still sent with smiles exulting from his door;
 Each moral excellence his life confess'd,
 And all the virtues glow'd within his breast.

What can avail! thou great Illustrious Shades!
 What plaintive tears shall at thy shrine be paid?
 Where shall we turn, where look, for worth like
 thine?
 Who, highly born, shall now, like ELGIN, shine;

Whose

Whose soul, more than his birth, proclaim'd him
great ?

Untainted manners in the highest state,
Each Christian grace with true politeness join'd,
Proclaim'd him still the friend of humankind.

And see ! in solemn pomp his bier appears,
See the chief mourner *, lovely in his tears.

Heav'n's ! how his guileless air, with sorrow press'd,
Rais'd grief unfeign'd in every feeling breast.
Each eye that mark'd the scene did softly flow,
In all the silent eloquence of wo.

Thou young immortal heir, to worlds unknown
lasted before thou wert to manhood blown,

To realms of bliss too early art thou fled,
Too quickly rank'd amongst the silent dead.

With scorn he spurn'd the honours of his birth,
No more a frail inhabitant of earth,
But with seraphic bloom he takes his flight,
To seek his fire in yonder fields of light.

Devouring Death makes numbers fall a prey,
Whose names on Mem'ry's tablet quick decay.

Alas ! what wonder ! all that did adorn
their lives, was, they were nobly born.
His poor reflection hurts the pensive mind;
Then in the soul no grain of worth we find.

His soul. That

That greatness which from earth derives its name,
Is soon cras'd from the bright lists of fame; M
Whilst worth which from inherent greatness flows,
Immortal honour from itself bestows.

Such worth was thine, O ever-honour'd Shade!
Now in the gloomy tomb so quietly laid.
There, undisturb'd, shall sleep thy precious dust,
Till the last peal to glory rouse the just.

Oh! could the Muse such sentiments impart,
As drive corroding anguish from the heart
Of yon afflicted mourner, drown'd in wo,
Or make her tears in milder torrents flow!
Great God! with fortitude her soul inspire;
And bright Religion quench each fond desire,
For blessings once her own, now torn away;
And let no lurking fond idea stay,
That must her soul with pungent sorrow fill,
And almost murmur 'gainst thy sacred will.

But, ha! what means this radiant blaze of light
A form angelic strikes my raptur'd fight.
Ye pow'rs, what melting numbers can declare
His heav'nly beauty, and exalted air!
He speaks, the harmony of heav'n I hear,
Which thus still vibrates on my ravish'd ear.

Oh ! blind to that harmonious chain that
draws,

In beauteous order, God's eternal laws ;
Else grief would oft to scenes of gladness turn,
And tears of joy flow o'er his sacred urn.

I am that guardian spirit by whose care
His soul was wafted far above the air.

Scarce had the tyrant gain'd his dreadful sway,
Till angel-wing'd we reach'd eternal day.

Ten thousand times more swift than thought can
fly,

We sprung, — we reach'd the throne of God most
high.

Whilst weeping friends bedew'd his cold remains,
His soul was tun'd to sweet seraphic strains,

Admir'd the wonders of redeeming love,
Join'd in full concert with the saints above,

His soul enlarg'd, exulted. — But no more
Can I describe, nor you such scenes explore :

Enough for man, to know God's sacred will ;
His highest end, those precepts to fulfill ;

Till blissful vision end Faith's glimmering ray,
And Death convey the soul to perfect day.

Thus said, he vanish'd from my gazing eyes,
And join'd his fellow-angels in the skies.

But falls the worthy Bruce unaided by hands,
 Descends he to the tomb without one lay.
 Willing to quit his life, and his dear reward,
 Make pompous vice appear as bright as gold.

Elegy on Mr BRUCE of Clackmannan.

No, sire : Though conscious of th' unequal strife,
 A youthful Muse bedews his sacred urn ;
A H me ! what funeral pomp is this appears !
 In yonder aisle — 'tis sure some monarch
 lies.

The mournful nymphs and swains are bath'd in
 tears,

And rend the yielding air with dismal cries.

Hark ! sad Melpomene, in doleful lays,
 Cries, BRUCE, the last of all that ancient line,
 Whole virtuous actions claim immortal praise,
 And force a tribute from the tuneful Nine.

Fell archer ! on our joys thou dost intrude ;
 Nor birth, nor Virtue's self, can scape thy
 sway :

Could their united powers thy force elude,
 BRUCE ne'er had mingled with the silent clay.

But fix'd by sad mortality's dread fate,
 Man's born the destin'd victim of the grave ;
 Alike must prove th' unalterable state,
 The thoughtless fool, the learned, and the
 brave.

But

But falls the worthy BRUCE unsung by bards,
 Descends he to the tomb without one lay,
 Whilst venal scribblers, urg'd by mean rewards,
 Make pompous vice appear as bright as day?

No, sure : Though conscious of th' unequal verse,
 A youthful Muse bedews his sacred urn ;
 Effuse his matchless virtues to rehearse,
 Till all with imitative ardour burn.

But how shall all the Nine declare his worth ?
 In every character of life, confess'd,
 Light weighs the scales of his illustrious birth,
 Pois'd with the many virtues he possess'd.

Benevolence, with all the social train
 Of mildest graces, lodg'd within his breast.
 The supplicating poor ne'er pled in vain,
 But ample found their sorrows all redress'd.

But faint the painter's skill, or poet's art,
 To trace the genuine worth that fir'd his mind.
 The amiable feelings of his heart
 Were ornamental to the human kind.

What boots these valu'd gifts? when Death assails,
 The monarch moulders like the private man :
 Th' insatiate archer over all prevails,
 Our short duration bounded to a span.

Though Summer's pleasing beauties yields to frost,
 Returning Spring gives flow'rs and herbs the reign;
 But when man's transient fleeting breath is lost,
 No more he treads distinguish'd life again.

Yet vain we seek him 'mongst the silent dead;
 He angel-wing'd to heav'n took rapid flight;
 From Age, from pale Disease, from Death, he fled;
 To gain immortal youth in fields of light.

There he God's works with wonder doth pursue,
 His great probation finish'd here below;
 That rapt'rous vision bursts upon his view,
 Which makes th' angelic choir with ardour glow,
 This cheering Hope sustains yon mournful fair,
 Whose loss not scepter'd monarchs can restore,
 Gives her the blow with fortitude to bear,
 Till they unite above to part no more.

But soft ! for lo, a radiant band appear,
 Of martial heroes clad in armour bright,
 Whose gleaming steel, and nodding helmets clear,
 Illume the place with more than mortal light.
 And next a bright majestic female form,
 With goddess-like demeanour, gilds their train;
 Angelic beauty did her face adorn,
 Whilst sadly sweet she sung this plaintive strain.

Hail !

Hail! Mortal, view this warlike band of old,
 So great, so fierce, subdu'd alone by Time,
 On earth, by me inspir'd, in me behold
 The ancient genius of the BRUCEAN line.

Now have I led them on to deathless Fame,
 Whose deeds historic annals still supply
 To Caledonia gloried in that name,
 Whose great, whose god-like actions ne'er shall
 die.

Th' extinction of that ancient race bewail;
 BRUCE falls like an exalted mountain oak,

Whose shelt'ring foliage gay could not avail
 When thund'ring winds gave the o'erturning

shock.

How have I hover'd o'er yon mighty walls,
 Have seen my champions fix the fate of kings:

Oh me! must strangers now feast in my halls?
 Sad emblem of all sublunary things.

No, sure:—Whilst Heav'n protects yon peerless
 dame,

To cheer her friends, t' instruct a world below,
 There blessings flow, which verse can ne'er pro-

claim.

And which on earth God seldom doth bestow.

Who

Hail!

Who after her shall grace the festive board ?

Shall dare assume her pow'r, and fill her place ?

Not all inventive Lux'ry can afford

Shall match her winning, mild, persuasive
grace.

But let the prophet guide the poet's verse :

BRUCE in these tow'rs once more a name shall

raise,

Once more their ancient honours shall increase,

And late Posterity resound their praise.

How
Gave n'd the young, and made their bosoms glow ;
Truths which from her had deeper cause to move
Because her life their pow'rful force did prove.
Alas ! those high-priz'd gifts are ever fled,
For ever mingl'd with the silent dead.

'Tis false : — We still each bright perfection

A shining pattern to the female race

Who after her shall grace the festive board?
 Shall dare assume her pow'r, and fill her place?

Verdes sacred to the Memory of

Mrs BONAR.

WHY should the Muse with hopeless sorrow
 mourn,

and unavailing tears shed o'er her urn,
 Whose soaring soul now joins the heavenly throng,
 Where the redeemed pour forth a rapturous song,

exerting her new faculties to raise
 a glorious anthem to her Saviour's praise?

Yet selfish Grief must still her loss deplore,
 Whose bright example here instructs no more;
 No more she vies, on earth, with saints above,
 In pure devotion, sacred zeal, and love,

Whilst saving truths, which from her lips did
 flow,

confirm'd the young, and made their bosoms glow;

Truths which from her had deeper cause to move,
 Because her life their pow'rful force did prove.

Alas! those high-priz'd gifts are ever fled,
 Or ever mingl'd with the silent dead.

'Tis false: — We still each bright perfection
 trace,

shining pattern to the female race,

Tho'

Tho' Heav'n, for gracious ends, her virtue try'd,
 Heroic Courage adverse shafts defied.
 She saw her rising youth to manhood reach,
 In love and duty each extelling each:
 All gentle virtues did her life attend;
 Whate'r could grace the mother, wife, or friend,
 Whate'er could dignify the human kind,
 With pious warmth, and active pow'rs, were
 join'd.

O! could our hearts with such devotion glow,
 Departed saint, our tears might cease to flow;
 Like thee, to God might calmly yield our breath,
 And bid defiance to the darts of Death.
 For light as shadows fly all earthly pow'r;
 Ev'n kings recoil at that important hour.
 The Christian only can the hero prove,
 And gain immortal crowns in worlds above.
 To such th' approach of Death breeds no dismay,
 Since CHRIST himself once trod that gloomy way:
 Yet quick he rose, and triumph'd o'er the grave,
 With ample pow'r, a sinful world to save.
 By faith on that great Rock she fix'd her eye,
 Which did the tyrant's dreadful pow'r defy.

Here Fancy glances at yon solemn place,
 Where she was number'd with the heav'nly race.

While

Whilst weeping friends stood round with tearful
eyes,

Surrounding seraphs guarded her demise,
Methinks I hear one of the heav'nly kind
Thus hail and welcome her unbodied mind,

Come, blessed saint! accepted of thy God,
Well hast thou us'd the talent Heav'n bestow'd.
Thy pure desires, thy fervent prayers have flown,
As incense up before the sacred throne.

With joy I'll waft thee through the airy way,
Assur'd, the gracious Lord we all obey,
Approves, and quickly shall for thee prepare
A glorious crown, which bless'd immortals wear.
Thy soul enlarg'd, shall heav'nly wonders view,
And God's fair works through endless years pur-
sue.

That rapt'rous faith which kindled love below,
In bless'd fruition ever more shall glow,
Eternity itself too short will prove,
To sing the praises of redeeming love,

Thy much-lamented friend, now fully bless'd,
Shall hail thee soon his long-expected guest,
Though crown'd with sacred wreaths amongst the
just,

With joy beheld thee faithful to thy trust,

C

Beheld

Beheld th' aspirings of your pious mind,
 To form those infant-souls to thee assign'd.
 Great was the task, and well atchiev'd by thee.
 Victorious, now, from Death's fell rage set free,
 Both may perhaps, unseen, their guardians prove,
 And from their youth each latent ill remove.

That bless'd example which to them was giv'n,
 By grace divine, may form their souls to heav'n.

How like a vapour rises the fleeting span
 Which quickly sinks down with the silent dead

Man like a beautiful flower in youth appears
 Fresh opening all its glories to the day
 But crops ere noon, a wither'd stem we see
 Trod under-foot, soon sinks to quick decay

So often in the pride of youthful bloom
 The son of Adam falls a prey to Death
 From honours torn, they drop into the tomb,
 Whilst weeping friends deplore their parting
 breath.

Here mourns a father of his much-lov'd son
 Here sighs a widow wretched and forlorn
 While others, by the cares of life undae,
 Are by a thousand thoughtless passions torn

Verſes to the Memory of the late
Reverend Mr SMITH, Dunning.

ALAS ! what miſ'ries o'er the life of man,
By ſad Mortality's dread law is ſpread !
How like a vapour glides the fleeting ſpan,
Which quickly ranks him with the ſilent dead !

Man like a beauteous flow'r in morn appears,
Freſh opening all its glories to the day ;
But cropt ere noon, a wither'd aſpect wears,
Tro'd under foot, ſoon ſhrinks to quick decay.

So often in the pride of youthful bloom,
The ſons of Adam fall a prey to Death,
From honours torn, they drop into the tomb,
Whilst weeping friends deplore their parting
breath.

Here mourns a father o'er his much-lov'd ſon ;
Here ſighs a widow wretched and forlorn ;
Whilst others, by the cares of life undone,
Are by a thouſand fruitleſs paſſions torn.

But soft! from whence proceeds this mournful
 sound?

From yonder room? — Ha! — what a dismal

Who by yon fun'ral bed sit weeping round?

In agonising woe they sigh and moan.

A mournful eloquence dwells in their eyes;

Silent and sad their looks to heav'n ascend.

But breathless, cold, and pale, he ever lies,

Their kind protector, brother, father, friend.

Dear, tender names! in one for ever fled.

Ye sympathising friends, that pity know,

Approach with awe, and justly mourn the dead,

To grief like theirs a sacred reverence show.

For ne'er from Sorrow's ever-streaming eye,

The humid tears more reason had to flow:

Ne'er did the wounded bosom heave a sigh,

Or prove a more afflictive cause of woe.

No more shall his instructive language cheer

The heart when sad, or calmly whisper peace:

For Friendship's sacred force can banish fear,

And bid each tumult in the bosom cease.

This

His art was his for Harmony and Truth,
 Fair Virtue, Piety, with ease combin'd,
 With ev'ry nobler grace, to form his youth,
 And guard from abject views th' immortal mind.

Large were the virtues of his friendly heart,
 Tho' veil'd by modesty from public view.
 His worth to chosen friends he did impart,
 Which as the more 'twas known, the dearer grew.

Benevolence and Justice rul'd his mind;
 E'en whilst some thorny paths of life he trod,
 To conquer Vice his soul was still inclin'd,
 And fire the lukewarm heart with love to God.

Ah! 'tis past! and mortal things no more
 Can e'er employ his unembodied soul,
 Now safely landed on the heav'nly shore,
 Where human passions never more shall roll.

No more Disease nor Death shall him affright;
 But God's eternal day on him shall shine;
 And whilst he raptur'd treads yon fields of light,
 Exults and sings the pow'r of grace divine.

Ah, think! whilst weeping o'er the senseless clay,
 Your briny tears bedew his cold remains,
 The spirit, borne by seraphs, wings its way,
 To yonder regions where the Saviour reigns.

With

With what delight and wonder will he trace
 The matchless glories of his Sovereign Lord!
 With ecstacy survey the boundless space,
 Where Jesus is by raptur'd saints ador'd!
 Think on this glorious scene, and dry your tears,
 Ye friends, who justly mourn a brother gone;
 Nor measure virtue by a length of years,
 Which oft in blooming youth obtains renown
 The soul that early feels its influence mild,
 Partakes the noblest joys life can bestow;
 Whilst dull unconscious age remains a child,
 Tho' rev'rend silver hairs adorn the brow.
 The mighty arbiter of life and death,
 Has to each soul its space of time assign'd;
 But hides the moments of departing breath;
 Which whispers us, to watch, and be resign'd.
 Death is to nature dreadful and severe;
 But faith in God dispels the awful gloom;
 Bids fairer worlds beyond the grave appear,
 Where through eternal years the soul shall
 bloom.

With what delight and wonder will he trace
 The matchless glories of his Sovereign Lord
 egypt on the death of a Sister, who
 died in the sixteenth year of her
 age.

Whilst Nature lies in silence, whilst the moon
 A glimm'ring light doth through my
 window shed,

Wake, my Muse, and seize this awful gloom,
 And trace some moral lessons from the dead!

How sure no orator so well can preach,
 Or to my wounded breast this truth convey,
 Words so strong as MARIA's ashes teach,
 That all must shortly mingle with the clay.

Oh hapless Virgin! cropt in life's warm bloom,
 Whilst sanguine prospects fire the throbbing
 breast,

A fairer victim ever grac'd the tomb,
 By death consign'd to everlasting rest.

Alas! how cold and silent now she lies!
 That gentle form which once look'd fresh and gay,
 Whose animating sparks fled to the skies,
 Which render'd active that endearing clay!

For

For lavish Nature early did adorn
 With ev'ry grace: — Few could with her com-
 pare.

The mildest lustre of the op'ning morn,
 Bloom'd on her angel-form, and made it fair.

But as sweet roses cropt soon feel decay,
 Slow ling'ring Sickness nipt her youthful prime;
 Quick from her cheek the roses fled away,

Which warn'd her soul to seek a purer clime.

How shall I paint her in the arms of Death!

Or how do justice to that awful hour!

What heroism mark'd her latest breath,
 When faith disarm'd the tyrant of his pow'r!

Though warm in blooming youth, yet quite re-
 sign'd

The herald wore no terrors on his face;

Heav'n's gentle messenger he seem'd design'd,

To waft her soul to everlasting peace.

Still do I see Death's languor shade her eye;

Alas! my heart was tortur'd with the sight;

And still I hear that last emphatic sigh,

By which th'immortal spirit took its flight.

O Death! what art thou! ghastly phantom say,
 What horrid change is this on Beauty's bloom,
 That quick we yield it to the grave a prey?

Be sure a brighter scene succeeds thy gloom.

But thou, dear Spirit, now got past his pow'r,

On wings of lucid air stand fair confess'd;

Before me, as I weep, in some lone hour,

Beneath some gloomy shade with wo oppress'd,

O charm my fancy with immortal themes;

Let me no more at thy sad fate repine;

Or bright in heav'nly beauty bless my dreams,

And tell me (for thou canst) the worth of time.

The mystic ways, that providential nod

Of all disposing Heav'n, dost thou relate:

For nothing but the gracious will of God

Could reconcile me to your early fate,

Declare what region far above the sky,

What bow'rs of fragrant bliss your soul con-

tain; What radiant seraph lent thee wings to fly,

With speed of angels, through th' æthereal

plains.

D

But

But hark ! 'tis more than mortal voice I hear ;
 It strikes m' astonish'd ear with solemn sound :
 Methinks it bids me wipe this fruitless tear ;
 Those scenes beyond the grave can ne'er be
 found.

For 'tis a dark irremeable way,
 Once pass'd, no mortal can repass again ;
 Nor till myself have left the brittle clay,
 Instructive Death those myst'ries can explain.

Whilst here below, the word of God is giv'n,
 To guide our steps through this ensnaring scene
 Observe those precepts, for they lead to heav'n,
 And for its passage make the soul serene.

Hail, bless'd Religion ! souls inspir'd by thee,
 By faith confide in this eternal truth,
 That when the last dread trump sets pris'ners
 free,

Each moulder'd form assumes immortal youth.

This gilds the horror of the gloomy tomb,
 And animates with cheerful hope the just,
 Who know, the pow'r that points the gen'ral
 doom

To glory shall revive their silent dust.

To Mr ———, upon receiving a
present of Miss Carter's Poems.

O H ! how shall I my grateful thoughts de-
clare.

To DAMON, for his noble present giv'n,
For lines that sure must charm the breast of care,

Or bid the raptur'd soul aspire to heav'n !

No miser e'er such genuine pleasure knew,

When visiting his heaps of glitt'ring ore,

As in my breast, by gentle thrillings, grew,

When I perus'd this volume o'er and o'er.

O may th' obliging author of that joy,

Feel all the pleasures Virtue can impart ;

May never any fretful care annoy,

Or reach the peaceful corners of his heart.

But calm, yet cheerful like the morning ray,

May conscious goodness brighten all his hours ;

May no thick cloud obscure life's cheerful day,

Nor spleen e'er damp his intellectual pow'rs.

When busied on the theatre of life,
 Should e'er some latent passion fiercely roll,
 May then his guardian angel calm the strife,
 Before th' impure infection stain the soul.

And when by soaring contemplation driv'n,
 His spirit mounts beyond terrestrial things,
 Ambitious of the nobler joys of heav'n,
 May he behold with scorn the pride of kings.

What glorious scenes must glad th' enlighten'd
 mind,

By Virtue and fair Science taught to glow,
 Joys too sublime, and pleasures too refin'd,

For half the bustling multitude to know.

O envy'd gift! which Fortune can't procure,

Still shine th' immortal graces of the soul;

And which by cultivation shall endure,

When earth and circling planets cease to roll.

When all external graces fade away,

And beauty lies forgotten in the tomb,

Immortal mind submits to no decay,

But flourishes in everlasting bloom.

To Miss , on painting the
house; or, The Spider's Advice.

THE blacken'd walls MYRTILLA view'd with
pain;
The rising cobwebs did her soul disgust.
He! she scornful cried, with vast disdain,
They're dirty trollops sure that live in dust.
Vaunt! ye vermin! fly from ev'ry room;
'Twixt you and me henceforth be war pro-
claim'd.
Thus said, the cruel swinging bushy broom
Swept hidden corners, and each insect maim'd.
Down black in troops, like show'rs of hail they
flew;
With dirt and dust the nymph was hardly seen:
As after war, she said, peace doth ensue,
So, Heav'n be prais'd, this dirt shall make us
clean.
The dust subsides, the walls are white as snow,
Pure as the wreaths on yonder hill appear:
MYRTILLA's breast with sudden joy did glow;
She smil'd, and went to see if all was clear.

When

When still, within a dark recess immur'd,
 His artful toil a harmless Spider ply'd;
 And whilst from sight he deem'd himself secur'd,
 The Nymph's quick eye the lab'ring insect spy'd.
 Ah, wretch ! she cried, soon shall destruction seize
 Yourself, your loom, with all your insect race ;
 What impudence, before mine eyes to raise
 Your filmy texture which my walls disgrace ?
 She said ; — and rais'd her hand to strike the blow,
 When, wond'rous to relate ! the Spider cried,
 Alas ! for pity stop, regard my wo ;
 So mean a victim's sure beneath your pride.

Behold the conquests you've already made,
 And slaughters not unworthy your fair eyes ;
 Then let it not in such a list be said,
 A wretched humble Spider gasps and dies.

If once my curious web be blown to air,
 Not all your art the tissue can replace.
 'Tis like a lady's honour, fresh and fair,
 Once soil'd, not worlds can cure the dire disgrace.

Those outward ornaments, alas ! will fail ;
 Let some more lasting charm the loss supply :
 For Time will o'er your whited walls prevail,
 And Death will snatch the lustre from each eye.

Then

When still, within a dark recess immur'd,
 Then turn toward your mind with inward care;
 There sweep and cleanse, there plant each noble
 grace;
 Those charms, in spite of Time, shall make thee
 fair,
 And add fresh beauties to your wrinkl'd face.

Fix'd like a statue stood the wond'ring maid;
 No more the Spider's death her soul inspir'd:
 Deep in her bosom sunk the words it said,
 And quick to practise them her mind was fir'd.

Behold the conquests you've already made
 And daughters not unworthy your fair eyes;
 Then let it not in such a life be said
 A wretched humble Spide, cups and dies
 If once my curious web be blown to air;
 Will you set the little can replace?
 'Tis like a lady's honour, fresh and fair,
 Once soil'd, not worlds can cure the due disgrace.

Those outward ornaments, alas! will fail;
 Let some more lasting charm the loss supply;
 For Time will o'er your whited walls prevail,
 And Death will snatch the lustre from each eye.

Then

Verſes on the Birth of Miſs F E

*Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.*

COME, Muſes, tune to ſoſteſt notes my lyre,
And ev'ry boſom catch the rapt'rous fire.
Let ALLOA reſound, rejoice, and ſing;
Each hill and grove with acclamations ring:
Th' illuſtrious houſe of MAR doth now increaſe
And, lo! a virgin comes to crown their bliſs.
Moulded by Nature in the lovelieſt bloom,
Fair harbinger of heroes yet to come.
Hail her, ye natives! to her kindred groves,
Where ſportive Graces haunt, and laughing
Lovers,
Where ancient tracks of MAR's immortal mind
Appear in the vaſt projects he deſign'd.

Peace! — Mighty Shade, if parted Spirits know
How their deſcendents manage here below,
Thou joy muſt feel e'en in the realms of bliſs,
To ſee thine offspring ſettled here in peace.

But, lo! a form clear to the Muse's eye,
 Rises from a radiant cloud, and cleaves the sky.
 Circling glory round his head he wears;
 His Fame; for on his breast the name appears.
 Smiles; my bosom feels unusual fire;
 To reach his sacred fane I quick aspire.
 Hast thou, he said, attempt the paths of Fame?
 To celebrate the mighty ———'s name;
 Or many a hero of that ancient race
 Stands on my list, which Time can ne'er efface.
 With gladsome lays proclaim this Infant's birth;
 May she attain her great ancestor's worth;
 May ev'ry female excellence be found
 Within her soul, by sacred Wisdom crown'd.
 May those refin'd sensations parents know,
 With ev'ry circling year more keenly glow;
 Whilst, with a grateful joy, their eyes shall
 Trace,
 Each solid virtue dignify their race.
 Bless'd pair! — whose actions on my altar
 In blaze;
 Virtue form'd, to gain immortal praise.
 Their example might our youth improve,
 They'd scoff no longer at connubial love;
 And tread with honour Virtue's sacred paths,
 And taste the heart-felt blessings she bequeaths.
 Ye

Ye Muses, tune with haste your golden lyre;
 Conspicuous worth shall brightest thoughts inspire

He said, and vanish'd! — Wonder seiz'd my
 breast:

So vast a theme my feeble pow'rs suppress.

Mrs ERSKINE, upon seeing her
at table with all her Children
round her.

Harm'd into rapture with the beauteous sight,
The Muses from their fragrant bow'r did
light ;

held you like a radiant Empress grac'd,
set pledges of your love around you plac'd.

like some prolific stem in yonder field,
when fruitful Ceres rich increase does yield ;
th so resembling each, 'twould try a sage,
guess exactly which excell'd in age.
blooming, lovely, playful, smiling boys !
ment divine of hymeneal joys !

thrilling pleasure rush'd through ev'ry vein.
'd to tune my lyre ; but try'd in vain,
inst all the Nine : politeness then conspir'd,
le me repress the ardour they inspir'd.

Memory the scene recalls to view,
me the Muse's dictates still pursue.

Then let my humble verse approach thine ear,
 Urg'd by no venal thoughts, but love sincere,
 Which dormant long within my breast had plac'd
 And feels an inbred warmth for all your race.

And thou, distinguish'd fair! with blessings
 crown'd,

Increase of a house so long renown'd,
 May Heav'nly Wisdom all your bosom fire,
 Their infant minds with precepts to inspire,
 With care their dawning faculty to tend,
 And rising sparks of genius rightly bend.
 May worth and merit, more than birth, declare
 The real offspring of illustrious MAR.

Whilst circling seasons fly with rapid pace,
 And all those years of childhood quite erase,
 May then each amiable grace impart,
 Sweet balmy pleasures to their parents heart.
 May probity and truth each heart employ,
 And gild your latest hours with purest joy.

But, lo! — from yonder room a nurse ap-
 pears
 A lovely Infant in her hand she bears.
 I gaz'd, the little Cherub sweetly smil'd;
 She might have Malice of its rage beguil'd.

That thanks, what humble reverence is due,
 For such a child, and living mother too.
 Thus as I mus'd, a heavenly voice I hear,
 Bounding these accents on my listening ear:
 Sweet MARIANNE, like the fresh unblown rose,
 Whose fragrant blossom Time shall quick dis-
 close,
 A kind gift to mitigate your mother's throes.

Thou artless stranger, usher'd here below,
 Thy parents hope, who feels the tender glow
 Of gratitude and rapture swell each mind,
 O God, who such a charge to them assign'd,
 To share those dear inexplicable ties
 That in a parent's soul so fondly rise,
 Whilst they thy guileless looks with pleasure
 trace,

Thou fair addition to their noble race.

Hail! young, immortal, smiling Infant, rise
 Beyond low scenes, and court thy native skies.
 Thy opening years may guardian angels tend,
 And from each mean pursuit thy soul defend.
 May Virtue, Wisdom, Piety, and Truth,
 With mingl'd Modesty, adorn thy youth,
 If their united charms your heart engage,
 You'll shun the reigning foibles of the age,

Where

Where Diffipation precious Time doth waste.
And vainly mimics sentiment and taste.

Those Hydra forms bold Fashion strives to hide,
Whilst an enjoy all the fleeting moments glide,

And play on the Harp

chord

Strike with the melanch view, I stood a

And in emphatic silence loudly gas'd

Such notes dissonant passions quite suppress

And wish to capture all my feeling breast

Will such angelic accents strike the strings

Who can persuade me tis a mortal sings

Ye powers of sacred Harmony, I said

Help me to celebrate each charming maid

Such melting lays must not in air be lost

More fine than Ophelia's lute could ever boast

Ye tuneful Nine, your wonted succours bring

The God's distinguish'd kindest work I sing

The Muses all, a blissful smiling train

Flock'd to admire the Nymphs, and hear the

strain

The

Where Dissipation precious Time doth waste,
 And vainly mimics sentiment and taste,
 Those Hydras forms bold Fashion strives to hide.
 On hearing the Miss MAITLANDS
 sing, and play on the Harpfi-
 chord.

Struck with the matchless view, I stood a-
 maz'd !

And in emphatic silence fondly gaz'd.
 Such notes discordant passions quite suppress,
 And tun'd to rapture all my feeling breast.
 Whilst such angelic beauty strikes the strings,
 Who can persuade me 'tis a mortal sings ?

Ye pow'rs of sacred Harmony, I said,
 Help me to celebrate each charming maid.
 Such melting lays must not in air be lost :
 More fine than Orpheus' lyre could ever boast.
 Ye tuneful Nine, your wonted succours bring ;
 'Tis God's distinguish'd fairest work I sing.

The Muses all, a blissful smiling train,
 Flock'd to admire the Nymphs, and hear the
 strain :

The

The heavenly sounds silenced them with surprise:
Abash'd, they fled, and sought their native skies.

Wishful I look'd, when in a blaze of light
Apollo stood confess'd before my sight.
His shining garments made my soul rejoice;
His harp he tun'd, in concert to their voice.

Behold! he said: — Whilst peerless Beauty
plays,

'Tis I that animate, that guide their lays.
Without mine aid, no sounds can reach the heart:
I life and force to ev'ry touch impart.
'Tis true, celestial Venus lent her aid,
Her beauteous form was stript to deck each maid.
That cestus which should hearts in fetters bind,
To each she as a fragrant gift assign'd;
Whilst Cupid with their ringlets strings his bow,
And steals their sighs, to rule the world below.
But ah! without my soul-refining grace,
Poor shine the tinctures of the fairest face;
For Beauty's fragrant bloom flies swift away.
My charms improve, nor ever feel decay.
I from their mental sight all mist remove,
Infusing Harmony, fair Truth, and Love,
With sweet Simplicity's bewitching charms,
Which unawares the coldest bosom warms.

new graces shall they gain each flying hour :
 lead to pleasures permanent and sure,
 stilling arts, which gain a lasting fame,
 and fix immortal honours on their name.

He smil'd, and quickly vanish'd from my sight :
 cloud conceal'd the radiant God of Light.

Behold ! he said : — Whiffle peckle Beauty
 plays,

'Tis I that animate, that guide their lays,

Without mine aid, no sounds can reach the heart

I life and force to every touch impart,

'Tis true, celestial Venus lent her aid,

Her beauteous form was ripe to deck each maid

That rears which should hearts in fetters bind,

To each she as a fragrant gift assign'd ;

But still Cupid with their raptures strings his bow,

And steals their sighs, to rule the world below.

But ah ! without my soul-reviving grace,

Poor shine the tinctures of the fairest face ;

For Beauty's fragrant bloom flies swift away,

My charms improve, nor ever feel decay,

I from their mental light all mist remove,

Infusing Harmony, fair Truth, and Love,

With sweet Simplicity's bewitching charms,

Which unawares the coldest bottom warms.

To Miss D. ROLLO, on being desired to read her Fortune.

WHat beauteous form is this attracts my sight,

From other objects gently steals my heart,

Mild as some seraph in yon fields of light,

With sweet Simplicity, unknown to art?

Had youthful Paris seen this blushing maid,

The Cyprian queen had lost the golden prize;

Nor had Helena's charms his heart betray'd,

Nor rous'd the vengeful empress of the skies-

Bless'd Maid! they bid me turn the mystic page,

Fortune's unstable windings set to view,

And tell what youths such charms may yet engage,

And each the radiant prize with zeal pursue.

Bold task indeed! Beyond the fickle pow'r

Of that capricious goddess doth she move,

Whose winning smiles may conquerors allure,

To pawn their wealth and glory for her love.

thus as I paus'd, the soul-instructing Nine,
 To own her worth, came flutt'ring to mine aid,
 Those ever-tuneful voices did combine,
 To fix the merit of the beauteous maid.

So, said the Muses, tune your golden lyre:
 There shines an object worth our purest lays,
 Whose charms immortal numbers may inspire,
 And make succeeding matrons sound her praise.

Pallas! guard her from each trifling art,
 Which meaner beauties of her sex pursue;
 Too low, too vile, to fix the noble heart,
 And only can unthinking minds subdue.

No Nature's bounteous hand has form'd her fair,
 To higher sources must she owe her fame,

Whose charms which Time's rude march can ne'er
 impair,

But bloom through endless ages still the same.

My polish'd Sense, fair Sanctity, and Truth,
 With Female Dignity, her mind adorn;

My sacred Wisdom guard her blooming youth,
 And add fresh beauties to the faultless form.

O lovely Nymph! make these your chiefest care;
 Without the gift of prophecy, they'll prove

Means to baffle ev'ry earthly snare,

And smoothe your passage to th' realms above.

And when your soul shall take its flight
 See free from earthly pains,
 Th wait you to you fields of light
 Where we immortal reigns.

A S O N G.

Tune, *My Deary, an' thou die.*
 There with divinest music
 Your soul to heav'n's realms
 And ever with eternal youth
 Rove through the eth'ral plains.

O Cease, dear youth, my fate to mourn;
 Death gives 'me liberty:
 Let no sad tear bedew mine urn,
 Or share one pang for me.

For when my spirit roves at large,
 From this sad frame gets free,
 Your guardian angel quits his charge;
 For I'll take care of thee.

And sure no happier task above,
 My soul shall seek to know,
 But guard thee with angelic love,
 Whilst thou remain'st below.

If e'er fell Passion move your mind
 To rage, with lawless fire,
 With heav'nly aid I'll entrance find,
 And virt'ous thoughts inspire.

And when your soul shall take its flight,
 Set free from earthly pains,
 I'll waft you to yon fields of light,
 Where love immortal reigns.

There with divinest music sooth
 Your soul to heavenly strains;
 And ever with eternal youth,
 Rove through th' æthereal plains.

O Cease, dear youth, my fate to mourn;
 Death gives me liberty;
 Let no sad tear bedew mine urn,
 Or there one pang for me.

For when my spirit roves at large,
 From this sad frame gets free,
 Your guardian angel quits his charge,
 For I'll take care of thee.

And sure no happier task above,
 My soul shall seek to know,
 But guard thee with angelic love,
 Upon Which thou remain'st below.

It e'er fell Passion move your mind
 To rage, with lawless fire,
 With heav'nly aid I'll entrance find
 And virtuous thoughts inspire.

Upon reading the Death of ABEL.

AS my sad eyes did GENESIS's tale pursue,
 Primeval manners rose before my view.
 I view'd the pair from paradise expell'd,
 By Raphael's dreadful flaming sword repell'd.
 As to explore new worlds they mourning went,
 What wishful looks to Eden's shades were sent!
 Bless'd shades! whose bygone pleasures now arose
 In Mem'ry's eye, and gave them tort'ring throes.
 There bliss with God and angels might they boast,
 By sad offence and dire transgression lost.
 Oh! what remorse, what self-condemning woe,
 Then made the sources of their eyes o'erflow,
 As pensive through the pathless wilds they fled,
 Yet, tho' unseen, by God's good angel led!

But ne'er in sinful hearts did Love's soft fire
 Such pure delight and tenderness inspire.
 Such bliss again ne'er dwelt below the skies.
 Soon smiling sons and daughters glad their eyes;
 Whilst ABEL's voice, in soft harmonious sounds,
 At early dawn, through woods and groves resounds.
 To all his haunts my roving fancy flies,
 There hear him vent his morning sacrifice.

Sure

are Adam deem'd himself in Eden's bow'rs,
 his voice the music of angelic powers.

O Sin! thy fatal signatures soon blaz'd!
 Cain! by curs'd Envy quite diseas'd
 his bless'd friend; than angel scarcely less,
 which rais'd his gloomy soul to fierce excess.

Portals, beware! for still that ranc'rous foe
 Truth and Virtue aims a deadly blow.
 Rush such a viper ere it stain the soul,
 and like a tyrant rage beyond controul.

Oh, ah! no sooner were his hands embro'd,
 than God's vindictive vengeance him pursu'd.
 We weep; the bleeding Shade before us gleams;
 still the murder'rer all our pity claims.

Who can support the complicated pain,
 that once-delighted family did sustain?
 Cain's weeping infants swell the scene of woe,
 near ev'ry heart, and make the eyes o'erflow.

Ye wives, from fair MAHALA catch the charm,
 our husbands stubborn passions to disarm;
 view her deploring o'er his brutal rage,
 and meekly try his mis'ry to assuage.

We see the weeping supplicating fair,
 her voice to God for pardon rends the air;
 say farther, that her love no bounds might know,
 fugitive with him she dares to go,

And

And there the trackless deserts to explore,
And ne'er behold her weeping parents more.

Be this, ye fair, your rule, this maxim prize,
Ye who are leagu'd in chaste connubial ties.
Think, if your husbands act a wayward part,
'Tis mild persuasive softness gains the heart.
Man, proud by nature, conscious of his sway,
The loud tyrannic scold scorns to obey.
That gentle sweetness which at first did charm,
Must still conspire all rudeness to disarm,
To mould those passions where his weakness lies.
Ye fair, the day's your own, were ye but wise.

And there the trackless oceans to explore,
And we behold her weeping parents more.

H A P P I N E S S.

The time, ye say, your rule, this maxim prize,
The who are taught in chaste connubial ties.
Think, if your heart's a wayward part,
The mild persuasive softness gains the heart.

A V I S I O N.

THAT the soul of man is formed to enjoy the
highest happiness, seems clear to those who
have made that important point their inquiry.

God created man at first after his own image;
gave him dominion over all things on earth, to
rule and govern them, with rational powers, capa-
ble of making the highest discovery of those works
which beautify the face of the earth, or gloriously
adorn the starry sky. Thus happy might he have
lived, till, by great attainments in virtue and ex-
cellence, he had approached near the angelic na-
ture, and been translated into that beatific vision,
where all is harmony and endless joy.

But his disobedience forfeited those high privi-
leges. The law of mortality passed upon him;
and sin diseased the powers of his mind. No long-
er does his soul soar upward to things pure and
spiritual. The vile part of his nature now con-

G

stantly

stantly wars with his nobler powers. At the same time the love of God is evident to man, by offering happiness in spite of his depravity ; and makes the attainment of it possible in this life, could we but enter on the right path.

Whence comes it, then, that we so miss the entrance, and bewilder ourselves in a desert of cares ? Is not Happiness the aim of each individual ? Doth not every action point thereto ? Tho' in such diversity of opinions, it must be courted in various forms, still I hear this general and emphatic sigh, uttering with the poet,

“ Man never is, but always to be, blest'd.”

Some absent good courts the imagination, almost scorning the present joys. But whilst we eagerly spread our expecting arms to clasp the fleeting visionary bliss, the unreal phantom glides away in air, and still eludes our grasp. Alas ! said I to myself, how miserable is the state of man, desiring what he never can obtain, yet blamed if he do not ! Tired at last with this fruitless research into the cause of human woe, I fell asleep ; where Fancy presented me with the following scene.

I found myself supinely stretched beneath the spreading branches of an aged elm, which formed

canopy over my head. A murmuring rivulet
 played by in sweet meanders; which, with differ-
 ent objects from every point of view, made my
 bosom glow with hope and joy. Here, said I, has
 happiness erected her throne; here will I rest
 from the vain bustle of life; whilst the melody of
 several singing birds completed the luxurious scene.
 At this I beheld a fair form, with several smiling
 lips, coming towards me. I have heard your
 dialogue, said the maid, I have pitied your delu-
 sion; follow me, and confess, that felicity rewards
 the happy few, who, by nobly persevering in the
 paths I point out, gain the pinnacle of Virtue's
 steep ascent. Thus said, she snatched my hand,
 leading to an ivory gate; which opened at her ap-
 proach; and when we entered, it moved sponta-
 neously on golden hinges, and closed of itself. A
 new scene struck my raptured sight; a wonderful
 harmony thrilled through my nerves; whilst I
 followed my guide with surprising alacrity, I felt
 new pleasures rush upon me as I trod. We en-
 tered a solemn walk, whose branches, mingling
 at the top, formed an awful contemplative scene.
 Serene gravity now banished those listless inac-
 tive ideas which before soothed me with a mock
 phantom of happiness. Following my guide, who
 stopped at an alcove, whose exceeding beauty in-
 vited me in to rest, there I beheld a vast croud

of people below me, variously employed. Some were scrambling up steep rocks, where spriggy trees branched here and there; which the forlorn mortals caught hold of, to prevent them from falling; but the twigs always gave way, and the unhappy victims fell to the ground. I beheld others eagerly climbing up tall trees, laden with goodly fruit: they plucked, and eat; but instead of feeling a savoury taste, I saw them spit the false morsels away, and quit the trees in a seeming frenzy. Others were apart in mirth and jollity; while music and the song seem'd to drown all care. I observed, they often attempted to embrace each other; but a cloud, instead of the desired object, tantalized, and rendered the fond desire fruitless. Others sat pale and dejected by rocks and precipices, which overhung a deep muddy river, into whose fatal streams many plunged, and arose no more. Dismayed a little at this contrasted scene, I asked my guide what it meant; who thus instructed me.

Those hapless mortals scorn to enter my simple paths; but vainly imagine to find happiness the long way. Following the bent of their foolish mind, Misery and Care reward their toil. That sorrows Pleasure inveigles her deluded votaries by various ways to ruin.

The first, whom false Ambition buoys up to arrive at power and grandeur by improper means, placing their whole hope on the good things of this life; which, like yon feeble branches, desert them in their bitterest wo. — Next, the voluptuary, whose happiness consists in present gratification; but when they go about to realise those airy schemes, they prove in the end gall and bitterness. But see yon dissipated crew, whom Pleasure blinds, to seek Happiness in the indulgence of every passion! See the folly of their scheme! Disappointment and chagrin take place of their elevated views. They stare around with amazement at their error. Some, unable to bear their own reflections, fly to yonder brink as a refuge. Listen unto this, and be wise: forsake not my paths, though arduous, and Happiness at last shall be your guest. So saying, she left me to ruminate on what I had seen.

I trembled at the dangers that threatened each adventurer to the bower of Happiness; but confiding in my knowing that such dangers existed, I went forward, with Hope and Fear equally ruling my heart, till my walk was terminated by a rocky precipice on one hand, and a decorated easy path on

on the other; from whence a musical sound proceeded; whose force operated powerfully on my heart, and insensibly drew me thither, till, reflecting the precepts I had received, I retreated. But looking at the steep ascent I had to encounter, I recoiled, and sat down disconsolate. Here my progress had ended in despair, when I beheld a youth approaching, whose flaxen locks flowed adown his shoulders, and on whose countenance youth and beauty were mingled with an ardour and fierceness of look seldom seen. He darted a glance at me, where Pity and Anger were fully blended, saying, Why fittest thou moaping thus? O dastardly mortal, half-persuaded by Pleasure to renounce the sacred path? Does a little danger allay that courage which real Happiness inspires, and promises to reward? Arise, and follow me, and confess the difficulty fully repaid. He seiz'd my arm, and drew me after him. I scrambled a long while, in terror of being dashed amongst the rocks below. I begged he would allow me to rest: but the youth got me on his back, and bore me over rocks, briars, and thorns, with the swiftness of a roe. The dangers lessened as I flew: the sky on a sudden cleared; the air was balm; and I felt my powers wonderfully enlarged. He set me at last on my feet, where flowers every where sprouted around me. I then smiled

ed at the dangers I had passed, and wondered
 they gave me that idea ; whilst from the
 ering height we had gained, I viewed the
 velling sons of Care, who diminished in my
 w, like crawling emmets on a mole-hill. On
 h side the prospect brightened : scenes the
 ft beautiful inspired my soul with joy ; gra-
 de then filled my heart, and I fell prostrate
 my face before my excellent guide, thanking
 for bringing me into this haven of rest. But
 raised me up, bidding me take heed ; for my
 ils were not yet over. At this a troop of
 ths, finely dressed, marched in full procession
 us, talking loudly in praise of the ancient learn-
 , highly extolling the treasures Philosophy
 ars on the enlightened mind ; pitying contemp-
 usly those mortals who had not an opportunity
 embracing Wisdom in the only way she was to
 found. Learning, said they, opens the mind
 genuine pleasure, by dispelling the mists of ig-
 nance and error. Come, let us quicken our
 ce ; let us haste to yonder edifice, where every
 ence holds up a torch to inflame the dark cor-
 rs of our minds. I caught the infection, and
 gged my guide would conduct me likewise.
 smiled at my request ; but catching hold of
 , moved on, whilst the warbling choir tuned
 ir throats to serenade us as we passed. After
 some

some turnings, we ascended a smooth mountain
 whose top, like a fine howling green, was pla-
 nant to behold; at the end of which appeared
 stately dome, whose gates reflected the rays of the
 sun. Vast numbers entered this mansion; I felt
 my heart glow with anxiety to enter with the
 herd; whilst from the window of a spacious gal-
 lery I saw innumerable volumes, where I imag-
 ned true Wisdom consisted. Here my guide
 led me back, and pointed out a path which led
 to a plain simple-like cottage, with grass growing
 up to the threshold. I durst not disobey; so I
 moved on in silence. I perceived, upon a new
 view, what I imagined plain was real elegance;
 the pleasantness of natural beauty appeared
 of the mimicry of art. We knocked long; but
 no porter arrived. At last my guide, with a ve-
 turous arm, pushed open the door; where nothing
 now struck our view, but what was capable to in-
 spire the soul with true greatness. A wonderful
 change took place in my heart; a kind of ve-
 dropt from mine eyes; and every thing appeared
 in a new form. I beheld at the end of the room
 a throne, whereon sat a man, in whose looks was
 depicted all the venerableness of age, mixed with
 the mild persuasion of youth. As I gazed, from
 a radiance shone around him, that I fell down
 transfixed. When I arose, a veil screened him from
 view.

view. But I heard a voice, saying, Blessed mortal! who, by the assistance of this divine guide, hast entered this unfrequented place: let the treasures of Wisdom reward your toil; which, as! lie not in pompous learning, riches, nor the good things of this life; but in the fear of God, in understanding, and in regulating the unruly passions by his precepts, that is peace. This simple dwelling cannot allure the gay sons of Fortune, who seek Happiness where it is not to be found; nor the proud Philosopher, who trusts in the sageness of his knowledge, and, by mistaking the means for the end, grasps a phantom. Govern the government of your own heart; that excels all erudition, and being victorious over each improper idea, more material than human power, the flux of which too often debases the noble image of the soul; whose highest happiness is in participating the angelic life, by loving the most high God, and serving him below, as a prelude to enjoying him for ever. Be this your plan; and Happiness, which first inspired your journey, may be found; and to which none can attain but through my bower. Here a door opened, and a clear light showed all the beauties of the place. My guide pushed me on through a fine arched gallery, which led to the temple where Happiness resides. On a throne of state sat the Goddess,

H

whose

whose resplendent beauty shed around a lustre. Like lightning, odours shot through every pore; harmony and joy at once seized my heart; while my first instructress, with all her shining train, advanced to meet me. Hail! said she, highly favoured, who hast gained the steep ascent of Virtue, whose paths you first set out, aided by Fortitude, that youth who conducted you. The Hybrid forms of Vice lost their power. Follow me, and I will bring you to yonder Queen, who will adorn your forehead with a laurel crown. At this I felt an emotion too exquisite for human language, which burst asunder the bands of sleep, and I awoke.

Where are the props of thy youth, that like pillars supported thee from fall? Why are they not with thee, to green from the keen blast? Alas! the weeps, and tears forth her tears afield! Speak, O Mother the Vale! Thy friendly counsel assisted our youth: relate not our aid in thine anguish. Thy fervent pleads for mournful reverence in our souls:

are eager to relieve thee

Angela

ANGELINA

Ye ask a reason for my tears, O beautiful Vir-
gin, and kindly offer to soothe my woe. But these

H 2

whole negligent beauty shed around a lustre. I
 lighting, odours that through every pore; ha
 money and joy at once (said my heart) will
 the intricate, with all her shining train, shal
 red to meet me. Hail! I said, might I favou

ed, who had gained the steep ascent of Virtue,
 whose path you had set out, aided by Fortitude
 that youth who conducted you The Hyd

ANGELINA, and a Chorus of VIRGINS.
WHAT tears are these that bedew thy cheeks,
 O Venerable Matron? Why are thine eyes
 ? What sighs are those that choke thy speech,
 and down you thus in wo? Why art thou in the
 left alone, whilst the cold winds blow sharp
 and fell upon thee? Where are the props of thy
 enth, that like pillars supported thee from fall-
 ing? Why are they not with thee, to screen
 thee from the keen blast? Alas! she weeps, and
 pours forth her tears afresh! Speak, O Mother
 the Vale! Thy friendly counsel assisted our
 uth: refuse not our aid in thine anguish. Thy
 sery pleads for mournful reverence in our souls:
 are eager to relieve thee.

ANGELINA.

Ye ask a reason for my tears, O beautiful Vir-
 as, and kindly offer to sooth my wo. But that

is beyond your lost consolation, and cannot be
 suaged. You behold me on the mountains,
 tary and sad, none to regard my tears;
 I vent my sighs in wind, none feels for my
 row. Alas! all my children are gone
 sleep in the narrow house, where Care can
 invade them. Soon shall their wretched
 mother knock at the door of their silent
 bers, and like them forget wo. Late my habi-
 tion was in the vale of Joy. The seasons,
 passed, brought new beauties before me,
 ved in full extent every pleasure beneath the
 I exulted in my towering thought, and said,
 is blessed like me among women? But
 roles drop, and the leaves fall in autumn,
 did Joy spread its wings, and flew away.
 roding Care, as the blackness of Night,
 yermadowed me: Solitude and Wo are now
 only guests. Oh! Childar, lord of my
 thou wert brave; who durst encounter thine
 Warriors trembled at the weight of thy spear,
 Hed from its touch. But now thou art low
 earth, unmindful of the briny tears that
 bedew thy tomb. Why art thou snatched
 ANGELINA, O thou first of men? Why hath
 Death likewise consigned me over to the
 Silence. Come, O thou grim King of Ter-
 come, and by one blow strike the last of my

my sons too are fallen, with their ho-
 nours, grace and fragrant upon them; and with
 themselves the name and pride of my house. But
 Lavinia, thou wast the staff of mine age,
 pleased with thy soft solicitude to divert my cares,
 thy sorrows vanished away.
 Lavinia was sweeter than the morning-ray, and
 as the bright bow of heaven; mild as gentle
 flowers that fall on new-blown roses; her voice
 like the nightly birds that sweetly chaunt to the
 peaceful spheres. Warriors saw her, and loved;
 she was formed to melt the fiercest souls. But
 she chused silence and peace: they found not a
 passage to her heart, till Alonzo, loveliest shep-
 herd of the plain, fought her affections. Their
 souls were paired above, by mutual sympathy,
 and secret intelligence. With modest dignity,
 unknown to art, she smiled him into peace. She
 consented to his bliss. Fixed was the nuptial
 hour, whilst Joy and fond Hope deceived the re-
 ligious time. But what became of Alonzo, when
 he beheld the soul of her he so fondly loved ready
 to quit the beauteous frame? for the fever raged
 in her blood. She heard the inexorable sound of
 Death; but as the swan expires in the song, Vir-
 tue made her smile in his awful face. But soft
 Pity rose in her heart for the grief she knew we
 must

must feel; and though soon to cease from
 she wished to mitigate our wo. Alas! my love
 she cried, my lover, and my friend! it is Death
 severest pang to part with thee.

Yet part we must: Such is the will of Heaven

Ah me! your soul is moved. Droop not, Alce-
 zo; we shall meet again; meet to part no more.
 Be as a son to my aged mother: transfer thy af-
 fection to her. See! she shrinks beneath a load
 of wo. Ah! farewell for ever. O Lavinia! he
 cried, thou gentle Spirit, stay; hover yet a little,
 and take me with you. If thou art not yet join-
 ed to some bright Cherub above, my soul shall
 attend yours in the bowers of Felicity. What
 art thou now, O World, to me! Thy joys I
 scorn for ever! Then folding the lifeless corpse
 in his arms, he sealed his lips to hers, and
 died!

Now ye have heard my tale of wo, ye fairest
 Nymphs of the hill. My complaints have drawn
 tears from your eyes, and made those bosoms
 which know only joy, heave with sympathetic
 wo. Nor is your sympathy useless, fair Maids!
 though Time itself cannot obliterate my sorrow.
 It is thy cold hand, O Death! which I hourly
 invoke,

must feel; and though soon to cease from
 woe, that can finish my woes, and bury them
 the tomb. Till then, should you find me
 sleeping at the rocks, or pensive by the stream,
 Indulge me, O Virgins! and say, Surely, surely,
 I have cause to sigh.

Yet part we must: Such is the will of Heaven.
 Ah me! your soul is moved, Droop not, Alas!
 so; we shall meet again: meet to part no more.
 Be as a son to my aged mother: transfer thy af-
 fection to her. See! she thinks beneath a load
 of woe. Ah! farewell for ever. O Lavinia! ha-
 cried, thou gentle spirit, stay: hover yet a little
 and take me with you. If thou art not yet join-
 ed to some bright Cherub above, my soul shall
 attend yours in the powers of Felicity. What
 art thou now, O World, to me! Thy joys I
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 woe. Nor is your sympathy useless, fair Maids!
 though Time itself cannot obliterate my sorrow,
 it is thy cold hand, O Death! which I hourly
 invoke.

A D R E A M.

I HAD an odd Dream this morning; I know not by what inspired, or if my evening thoughts had any effect on my fancy: but I imagined myself and some others had taken the resolution of renouncing for ever the society of men for which purpose we fixed our abode in one of the most agreeable spots in nature, beautifully wild and romantic. The fine verdure of the trees and herbs shed around a delightful fragrance whilst the singing birds that lodged in their boughs awaked us in the morning with the sweetest sounds. The place was situated betwixt two mountains, a pleasing river meandering through the plain, fruits of all kinds grew in the valley, and flowers such as I never before beheld. To all this we never proved the severity of wind or rain. The zephyrs fanned us in the sun's heat; the dew of heaven refreshed the flowers and herbs, and repaired what his fervent beams drank up. In short, all that the poets feign of blessed Elysium did here burst on our ravished eyes, and held us wondering.

You smile when I tell you, that, even in my
 op, I found myself and all the rest resigned to
 state we had chosen. Dressed like Wood-
 ophs, we roved in quest of figs and fruit,
 ch served us for food. The pure fountain al-
 ed our thirst; which sort of regimen made our
 nbers pure and unbroken. Thus methought
 lived like Nature's favoured children, time
 ing away unperceived; when one evening the
 etest music that ever thrilled in mortal ears in-
 ed ours. It seemed a mixture of several in-
 uments, all harmoniously touched; and, spite
 ourselves, drew us toward the place from whence
 roceeded. It came from a bower at some dis-
 ce. We entered. But who can relate our
 orle, when an elegant table, set out with all
 inner of fowl, fish, and nameless dainties, ap-
 ved before us! Pyramids raised high, here and
 re floating islands, and every gewgaw that can
 ighten show. A number of men and women,
 ly dressed, were met together, in all the spright-
 es of health and mirth. We stood abashed;
 t made no effort to depart: nor had we stand-
 g, when the first figure that ever appeared in
 man's form, entered the bower. On her artless
 e Beauty smiled triumphant. In her snowy
 and the held a bunch of flowers. Irresistible

I

pleasure

pleasure gladdened all the company at her
 approach; but when she lifted up her voice,
 sung, we stifled our breath, lest any of her
 had been lost in common sounds. A visible
 beamed forth on every countenance. The ip-
 ling glass flew round. Even we vestals forgot
 severity, and joined insensibly with the son-
 men; whilst Wit and Good-Humour crowned
 feast. When anon another Nymph made her
 appearance, whose features were more dignified
 majestic, but less mild or winning, than the other.
 Silence ensued at her approach. She beckoned
 with her hand to a venerable figure, that
 beneath an aged oak; and as the company
 him askance, a thoughtful gravity took place
 that sprightly look that before triumphed on
 very brow. I saw an old man leaning on a
 whole gray locks and bald head bespoke his
 quity. In his right hand he held a scythe; in
 left a glass, which as he viewed, he seemed to
 down all around him. Ah! see my friends! see
 the majestic Nymph, with what sure, though
 steps, you tyrant pursues you! Not the
 bowl, mirth, nor jovial song, can bribe him
 linger in his pace. As she talked, the rosy
 sel that first entered, slowly silently withdrew.
 Her parting steps the company eyed with a
 look, and insensibly every bosom heaved a

Why grieve my friends? said the stately
 me; and whence those stifled sighs? Atten-
 view me. Though the rose bloom not so
 on my cheek, I bring you more lasting joys
 in the; joys that will mock the attacks of yon
 robber, and render you superior to the power
 is invested with; although he is greater than
 kings of the earth, whose fame and actions
 often sweeps into oblivion. But, lo! the
 coming nymph flies my presence. Though I
 en court her company, we seldom meet in one
 ce; and when we do, I am often neglected till
 retire. What is so alluring in her mien, that
 consider me not whilst she stays? Fools! per-
 ve ye not she is a fading form, whilst mine im-
 ves upon being known. At this I looked, and
 face was brighter than the sun; her air state-
 and commanding; clad in a majestic robe,
 ich sparkled like the stars, and had a fine ef-
 In her hand she held a bunch of laurels,
 en and fragrant, which courted the attention
 the multitude; whilst the other nymph made
 exit with a reluctant pace, and seemed to my
 the shadow of herself. Again the company
 pressed a sigh, which their reverence for the
 speaker made them blush to reveal. As she
 ved toward them with a winning air, and with
 green bough attracted their attention: Hear-

ken unto me, O children of Pleasure! my
 will improve your joyal hours. Though the
 elinating smiles you have just received, draw
 eyes from viewing the beauties of my forms,
 and I will tell you her origin. Health is her
 neral attendant, and Youth is her name.
 Smiles and blooming Graces, for ever court
 steps, and secretly inspire each heart in her fan
 Yet whilst she sooths the multitude with fallac
 hopes, and flatters them with ages of tranq
 she is irresistibly carried away to some other pla
 leaving them a blank instead of promised
 Blessed are they who, when cheered by her
 vening presence, yet neglect not to seek my fav
 To such her absence makes no change. Her
 ing bloom is made up by my invigorating
 For see! yon decrepid figure constantly purs
 her. From him she flies with winged pace,
 always dreads his approach: and though he
 constantly follows after, they never meet; wh
 makes her stay in one place so transient. But
 behold his fleet career with unconcern. Tho
 he is a powerful monarch, I stand before him
 vulnerable; and albeit in his rude march he
 her of every glory, my charms improve as he
 and look more fresh and gay; and when his
 pire shall fall away, and himself buried in his
 runs, my votaries shall gayly bloom, and smile

re, amidst the dreadful havoc. Methought as
 he talked the scene changed: all the company
 vanished from my view: my own companions dis-
 appeared: the bower I had entered, even our de-
 lightful residence, was no more. Instead of sweet
 vales, or fragrant groves, nothing but a range of
 barren mountains, and an uninhabited desert, ap-
 peared before me. I was ready to confess the
 power of some enchantress, and trembled lest I
 myself had felt some dreadful metamorphosis: for
 the fair speaker still continued before me; who
 having a while observed my dilemma, spoke as
 follows, Marvel not, O erring Mortal! at what
 thou here seest; but mark my words. Thou hast
 suffered a false idea of refinement to carry thee in-
 to a scheme more aerial than what thine eye has
 now traced. The order of Heaven was infringed
 by such an exclusion; and instead of showing a
 noble resolution, a cowardly diffidence, which
 Pride varnished over with art, was the spring.
 Yon ancient figure, whose name is Time, would
 have convinced you my dwelling was not to be
 found in such a retreat. The sons and daughters
 of Adam must mingle together on the theatre of
 Life. To those of either party, who do not rush
 too eagerly together, nor entirely exclude each o-
 ther, I am most easily found; except when nobler
 motives draw some aside from society, in order to
 enjoy

enjoy me unmixed. Go, therefore, and resume
 the post allotted thee from the Most High; and
 know, that by doing so thou wilt sooner arrive at
 my bower. Here she paused, and I viewed her
 heedfully; when a sudden blaze of light flashed
 from her breast, whereon was written in golden
 characters, I AM WISDOM. — Awed by the near
 approach of this celestial guide, I was speechless;
 but recovering, was going to ask the meaning of
 some things I did not understand; when a call to
 breakfast put the whole ideal scene to flight.

Nothing else, professed by the dew of heaven.
 Mild was the lustre of her sweeping eye; and tho'
 obscured by tears, was lovely like the sun disem-
 bled the morning-mist, and ushering in the glad-
 some day. I gazed with pity on its fair a form,
 bending beneath some inward woe. Her hand of
 snow supported her head: her lovely tresses wa-
 vered gracefully on her polished neck. Softly she
 breathed her voice, weak as expiring winds; and in
 plaintive accents thus began, O puff of air,
 stretched foolish heart, as a just reward of thy
 folly. Why didst thou fondly listen to the
 flattering speeches of deluding man? SYLVAN-
 der, false, perjured Sylvander, hath left me in
 the lonely wilds, to rove, friendless, and exposed.
 Alas! foolish maid that I am! I thought him
 sincere and true, unchangeable as the turtle
 dove, sincere as myself. How oft has he played

SYLVANDER and EUDOSIA.

OW in an unfrequented vale, overgrown with
 moss and yew, sat fair EUDOSIA, like a
 flower blasted by the wind. Her breath was
 sweeter than the gale of Spring; her lips like the
 flushing rose, moistened by the dew of heaven.
 Mild was the lustre of her weeping eye; and tho'
 obscured by tears, was lovely like the sun dispel-
 ling the morning-mist, and ushering in the glad-
 some day. I gazed with pity on so fair a form,
 bending beneath some inward wo. Her hand of
 snow supported her head: her lovely tresses wa-
 ved gracefully on her polished neck. Softly she
 raised her voice, weak as expiring winds; and in
 plaintive accents thus began. O burst asunder,
 wretched foolish heart, as a just reward of thy
 credulity. Why didst thou fondly listen to the
 soothing speeches of deluding man? SYLVAN-
 DER, false, perjured Sylvander, hath left me in
 the lonely wilds, to rove, friendless, and exposed.
 Ah me! foolish maid that I am! I thought him
 constant and true, unchangeable as the turtle
 dove, sincere as myself. How oft has he plaited

a garland of the finest flowers to adorn my hair
 and vowed, that of all the shepherdesses on
 green none was so fair as Eudofia! But now
 wanton Cleora hath caught him in her chain,
 I am left to sigh in vain to the murmuring brook.
 O ye woods and groves! bear witness how oft
 me his plighted faith he gave. Ye silver streams
 that glide along the meadow! whisper in Sylvan-
 der's ear his broken oaths. Fly, all ye Virgins
 the plain, fly from his wiles: trust not yourselves
 to his fascinating eyes; they are false as the
 ling Hyena, and will undo you. Thus said, from
 her fair eyes fell a river of tears; a livid paleness
 overspread her cheeks; the roses fled from her lips;
 her eyes seemed to roll in death. The birds war-
 bled out a song of woe; the lilies of the vale droop-
 ed their heads in sympathy of Eudofia's fate. Mean-
 time Sylvander, with anxious steps, sought his
 Eudofia through the desert wilds. Amazed at her
 sudden-retreat from the plain, all appeared a wil-
 derness without his love. At last he heard her
 complaints, and his soul was moved. He admired
 her virtues; her innocence and truth had fixed
 him unalterably. Swift as the roe, he flew to her
 arms. Receive me, he cried, thou fairest of wo-
 men! Ah! Eudofia, who has abused your ear!
 Sylvander has never strayed in thought from your
 beauties. Forget Eudofia! sooner might my

and forget to play, thou better part of Sylvan-
 Straight let the priest unite us for ever.
 opened her dying eyes, and smiled. And art
 not false, Sylvander? and have I done wrong
 our constant faith? Farewell, thou lovely and
 loved of men. Receive this last embrace.
 as marble he became in his arms: Death's
 hand congealed her purple tide. This scene
 too hard for a lover to bear: he laid himself
 on by her side, and shared her fate.

One tomb conceals from our sight the loveliest
 of the green. The shepherds flock round
 in tears; the virgins lament their fate. Be-
 re, O ye surviving daughters of the Hill! how
 enters your bosoms: think of Eudisia; and
 wife.

K

Reflections.

Reflections on the melancholy
of the North-Loch Bridge.

HOW shall the Muse begin this mournful tale
Or how the sad survivors loss bewail?
How comfort offer for distress so deep;
Where dismal widows sigh; where fathers weep
Where sisters madly beat their breasts, and cry
And tearless Grief glares oft in ev'ry eye?

Alas! in vain we trust in youthful bloom;
Too soon we see it fill the gloomy tomb;
And oft the tyrant stops some youthful breath,
Whilst meagre Age calls out in vain for death.

But who this direful scene can represent,
Or to the feeling soul the horrors paint,
That o'er the hapless few would spread a gloom,
When Earth voracious clasp'd them in her womb?
Quick as the lightning's flash was struck the blow,
Which laid the trembling aidless victims low.
How crush'd, and how distorted, ev'ry grace,
Which lately smil'd triumphant in each face!

that of vigour, health, and youth, remain'd,
 ere ruthless figures bleeding, torn, and stain'd.

The Muse would gladly offer some relief,
 those relations now o'ercome with grief;
 while she tries, a flood of tears returns;
 for the living and the dead she mourns.
 Great God of Consolation! heal their wo,
 and to their wounded souls thy wisdom show;
 nor suffer grief severe on any heart,
 nor far its deadly influence to impart.
 God's all-gracious wisdom to arraign.
 That amazing clew the search how vain!
 Blind man, give o'er; nor think the pow'r is giv'n,
 nor thee t'investigate the ways of Heav'n.
 'Tis but a part of the amazing whole,
 that can be view'd by the exploring soul.
 Faith, Virtue, Action, is our business here;
 transporting Vision crowns our labour there.

When once this mortal vesture falls away,
 and Death conveys the soul to perfect day,
 Clear as a seraph, then, 'twill, unconfin'd,
 admire the wisdom of th'unerring mind.

But be ye warn'd, ye thoughtless crouds, ye gay,
 Who trifle precious Time in dress away;
 Suppress not now Reflection's useful tear,
 But to your closets this instruction bear,

That life is short; yet on that fleeting space
Depends a vast eternity of peace.

But come ! and see the fair Maria ^{* laid,}
In solemn pomp, amongst the silent dead ;
That beautiful maid, in Nature's fragrant bloom
By rigid Fate sent early to the tomb.
Was it for this the loveliest bloom did grace
Her soft angelic form, and modest face ?
For this the Graces, past the rules of art,
Did lasting beauties to her mind impart ?
Ah me ! how blasted now the fairest views !
Thus let a tribute from a plaintive Muse,
Be paid, dear luckless virgin ! to thy fame ;
And let my grief immortalize thy name.

But where begin ? what language can express
A father's heart-felt wo, and keen distress ?
Faint are all words his anguish to disclose ;
But dumb excessive sorrow speaks his woes.

Hark ! 'tis a heav'nly voice thrills in mine ear
Thus : Mortal ! stop thy sympathetic tear ;
Maria lives above yon azure sky,
In perfect bliss, with raptur'd saints on high.

* Miss Dundas.

To

The joyful business was assign'd,
 To watch and welcome her unbodied mind,
 Ere and unhurt th' immortal spirit fled,
 The dead and living mix'd with the silent dead.
 The new freed being did survey
 The new-bred, then sought eternal day.
 Rapidly we flew through fields of light,
 A choir of youthful Seraphs dazzling bright,
 With sweet celestial music did surprise
 The ravish'd soul, and tun'd it for the skies,
 Did lasting beauties on her mind impart;
 Admire! how blis'd now the fairer view!
 Thus let a tribute from a plianive Muse,
 Be paid, dear Lute, to thy fame;
 And let my grief immortalize thy name.

AN

But where begin? what language
 A father's heart-tell word and ke
 Taint are all words his anguish to disclose;
 But dumb excessive sorrow speaks his woes.
 Have! 'tis a heavenly voice thrills in mine ear
 Thus: Mortal! stop thy sympathetic tear,
 Maria lives above you secure here,
 In perfect bliss, with raptur'd strains on high.

* Miss Dunder

An Elegy on EVENING.

HAil! sober Eve, whose robe of dusky gray
Each blooming verdant landscape doth in-
vest,

Now hush'd the rude tumultuous glare of Day;

Now veil'd those flow'ry scenes that charm'd my
breast.

Where now the shepherd, which at ease reclin'd
On some green turf beside yon trickling rills?

Where now the breeze rais'd by the western wind?
Where now the cattle on a thousand hills?

A solemn shade eclipses Nature's face;

The tuneful tribes in artful nests are laid;

Each shepherd with his cattle finds a place,

Where toil by balmy sleep is well repaid;

Sweet Sleep! inspiring dreams of harmless kind.

Where no ambitious fretful care annoys,

Nor scene luxurious cloy the fated mind,

Which Nature's purest genuine bliss destroys.

For

or seldom doth the luckless monarch taste
 Such pure untainted bliss within his breast,
 As doth the virtuous shepherd on the waste,
 When noon-day heat lulls all his frame to rest.

Gain, then, the keen pursuit of Fortune's plume,
 And vain the glitt'ring honours earth bestows,
 Unless it to the owner's breast become

A true perennial source of calm repose.

But, ah! 'tis seldom honours can impart

Such true celestial comforts to the breast;

Can whisper sweet contentment to the heart,

Or lull discordant passions into rest.

No! — Like rude Boreas' breath upon the sea,

The gales of Wealth to hideous storms arise,

When blown by Avarice and Vanity,

The sacred mansion of the soul disguise.

For let this solemn truth invade your ear,

Ye gaudy tribes, that grasp at pow'r and fame,

That push with boldness to bring up the rear,

Of those that toil to gain a mighty name:

That earth-born trifles ne'er can bless the mind;

Like visionary shadows quick they pass.

By such the soul is often hurt, we find,

As breathing dims the lustre of the glass.

For

For what, alas ! is all the pow'r, the wealth,
 That earth can yield ! how empty is the while
 Join'd to illustrious parentage and birth,
 When put in balance with th' immortal soul.

For these shall moulder, perish, and decay,
 And ruin o'er Creation's face shall come !
 But when the sun and stars shall fade away,
 The soul shall boast an uncorrupted bloom.

Alas ! how empty then our hopes and fears,
 For fancied ills, which seldom do molest !
 Why wish for transport in this vale of tears,
 Or let its absence discompose the breast !

What though the blust'ring storms of life arise,
 And Grief usurp fair Joy's alluring place !
 A milder scene awaits us in the skies,
 Where Sin dare never show its odious face.

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
 Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
 The Hydra forms of Vice strives to subdue,
 And moves toward that heav'n from whence it
 came.

This is the mark supreme : my soul attend ;
 Know thy own dignity, nor scorn thy worth ;
 Behold ! th' angelic train assistance lend,
 To raise thee from the grov'ling scenes of earth.
 For,

r, ah! they fly, like Day's illusive schemes,
 When, once the fervent heat of life is o'er,
 Then sacred Reason gilds with clearest beams,
 And visionary shadows please no more.

il, Night! thou gentle emblematic shade
 Of that tremend'ous period fix'd by God,
 When drear Forgetfulness shall veil the dead,
 And Fame be lost beneath the green grass sod.

his ends the race of feeble man below;
 Nor Pow'r, nor Honour, Fame, nor Youthful
 Bloom,
 Can gain a respite from the dreadful blow.
 'Tis Virtue only triumphs o'er the tomb.

What though the blustering forms of life arise,
 And Grief usurp the joy's alluring place?
 A milder scene awaits us in the skies,
 Where Sin dare never show its odious face.

L

On

The soul that keeps this glorious prize in view,
 Superior mounts above each trifling aim,
 The Hydra forms of Vice strives to subdue,
 And moves toward that heav'n from whence it
 came.

This is the mark supreme: my soul attend;
 Know thy own dignity, nor scorn thy worth;
 Behold! the angelic train assistance lend,
 To lead thee from the grov'ling scenes of earth.

On FRIENDSHIP

AWAKE, O Muse! beyond each trifling scene
 To joys refin'd, exalted, and serene;
 To joy that sooths life's harsh and rugged care,
 And for celestial bliss the mind prepares.

On such a theme, ye powers of Verse inspire
 My rural numbers with poetic fire.
 Lend me, fair Harmony, your melting lays,
 Whilst I attempt to sing in Friendship's praise.

Hail, sacred Friendship! dear delightful name,
 By thee inspir'd, we feel the noblest flame,
 Thou harmonizer of all human joy,
 Thy charms divine the breast can never cloy.
 At thy approach each wayward passion dies,
 Pale Envy sinks, and mean Suspicion flies.
 Congenial souls, link'd in this holy tie,
 Can Fortune's frowns or threats with scorn defy.
 Poor is the scepter'd prince, whose unblest mind
 Midst fawning courtiers Friendship ne'er can find.
 Alas! how short the lover's joy endures,
 Unless this glorious spark the flame secures!
 What radiant worth its bright resemblance wears!
 Its charms the symbols purest Virtue bears;

flame at first sprung from the realms above,
Where saints and angels without envy love.

Still on earth emits a pleasing ray,
And rules o'er souls refin'd with sovereign sway.
Emblem of heav'n ! where seraphs softly smile,
There purest Friendship reigns, unknown to guile.
Even glorious heroes, midst War's fierce alarms,
Have felt its force, and own'd its conqu'ring charms.

Behold the rage of Thetis' god-like son !
When for a slave from Grecian troops he run !
Along the sea-beat shore he lay reclin'd,
While boiling ire vindictive swell'd his mind.
He views unmov'd his friends and country slain,
And treats the King of Men with fierce disdain.
But when his friend was by great Hector slain,
And thown ignobly on the Trojan plain,
How did the rage of Friendship tear his soul !
He weeps ! he raves ! his grief's beyond controul ;
Nor thinks bold Hector and the Trojan host
A proper victim to Patroclus' ghost.

See ! Scotland's guardian, Wallace' mighty
name,
Whose glorious deeds have gain'd him lasting fame ;
Whose soul, by Fate in ev'ry crisis try'd,
Improv'd each danger, and each shock defy'd,

By Friendship touch'd, for gallant Graham did
mourn,

And pour'd a flood of sorrow o'er his urn.

But every age a noble proof might show,

Of gen'rous souls by Friendship taught to glow,

Whose bosoms fir'd by that exalted flame,

Did actions worthy of immortal fame.

To thee, my dear — I devote these lays,

Whose presence quickly all my grief allays:

O may the sacred spark that warms each breast,

Refin'dly glow, by mutual love express,

May no distrust e'er cloud its radiant light;

But still by human trials shine more bright;

Till, freed from earth, at last we mount above,

Where all is Friendship, Harmony, and Love.

That all must rest at last in Death's cold shade.

Her tender parents view'd with watchful eyes

Such perfect excellence before them rise.

For as the outward form complete appears,

The illum'd mind surpass'd her youthful years.

For what was still tenderer the knew;

And with her future Truth and Virtue grew.

With ev'ry gentle grace the heart can boast.

How justly valu'd! Ah! how early lost!

For comet-like, the bliss'd our gazing eyes

Then had in haste to her congenial skies.

Oh!

By Friendship touch'd, for gallant Graces did

And pour'd a flood of sorrow o'er his urn.

To the Memory of Miss JEANNY

SCOTT.

Of generous souls by Friendship taught to glow,

Whose bosoms fire'd by that exalted flame,

Still actions worthy of immortal fame.

Ere Volemn Muse assist my heart-felt woe,

Fair JEANNY's death makes plaintive num-

bers flow.

That loveliest mould of animated clay,

In Nature's earliest blossom snatch'd away,

See! round her tomb the Graces weeping lie;

Their favorite gone, they heave a mournful sigh;

And whisper to each fair surviving maid,

That all must rest at last in Death's cold shade.

Her tender parents view'd with watchful eyes,

Such perfect excellence before them rise.

For as the outward form complete appears,

Th' illumin'd mind surpass'd her youthful years.

For what was filial tenderness she knew;

And with her stature Truth and Virtue grew,

With ev'ry gentle grace the heart can boast.

How justly valu'd! Ah! how early lost!

For, comet-like, she bless'd our gazing eyes,

Then fled in haste to her congenial skies.

Oh!

Oh ! let not Grief at Heav'n's desires repine,
 But to the Lord the beauteous gift resign,
 Ye pious pair, to whom the pledge was giv'n,
 Till she was fit for happiness in heav'n.
 Her soul so fill'd with piety and love,
 Now shines a Seraph in the world above.
 She now her Maker's works will clearly trace,
 Beyond the learned'st of the human race.
 A moment once in heav'n more light supplies,
 Than thousand ages spent below the skies.

Let this assuage your grief, and heal your woe;
 With this compar'd, what could the earth bestow,
 Whose highest bliss some latent care oft cloy,
 And best-concerted schemes of peace destroys ?
 Heav'n view'd the trying scene, the conflict spar'd,
 Without the toil, the sparkling crown prepar'd.
 Early her soul by Grace Divine was blest,
 And faith in Christ procur'd her endless rest.
 By faith now view her near the throne of God,
 And kiss with pious tears the heav'nly rod,
 Whose blow to Nature gave heart-rending pain,
 But usher'd in her everlasting gain.

Hail, happy Spirit ! if the blest'd on high
 E'er condescend our actions to descry,
 If all our tears do not your wonder move,
 As the mistaken proofs of faithful love,

Accept

cept this lay which from affection flows,
Which sacred to your worth the Muse bestows;
Who from oblivion strives to snatch your name,
And make my verse immortal with your fame.

Her soul to fill'd with piety and love,
Now times a Seraph in the world above,
She now her Maker's works will clearly trace,
Beyond the learned'st of the human race.
▲moment once in heav'n more light supplies,
Than thousand ages spent below the skies.

I let this alluage your grief, and heal your woe,
With this compar'd, what could the earth bestow,
Whole high'd hills some latent care of cloys,
And best-concerted schemes of peace destroy?
Heav'n view'd the trying scene, the conflict spar'd,
Without the toil, the sparkling crown prepar'd.
Early her soul by Grace Divine was bless'd,
And faith in Christ procur'd her endless rest.
By faith now view her near the throne of God,
And kiss with pious tears the heav'nly rod.
Whole blow to Nature gave heart-rending pain,
But miser'd in her everlasting gain.

Hail, happy Spirit! if the plest'd on high
Ever descend our actions to descry,
If all our tears do not your wonder move,
As the mistaken proofs of faithful love,

A MORNING-HYMN.

O Lord! to thee my morning-song,
 With chearful voice I'll raise,
 And join the raptur'd choir above,

To celebrate thy praise.

'Tis thou that through the shades of night
 From danger keeps me free;
 And all the comforts I enjoy,
 Proceed alone from thee.

Without thy gracious guidance, Lord,
 The air I breathe might kill;
 For thousand arrows, wing'd with Fate,
 Attend thy awful will.

Behold how bright the morning-sun
 Through heav'n his course doth move!
 The warbling songsters of the grove,
 Resound their notes of love.

Up, then, my Soul! the chorus join,
 To Hear'n thy homage pay;
 And let a bright and fervent zeal
 Distinguish thee to-day.

A MORNING-HYMN.

Wrote extempore, with a pencil, on
a young Gentleman's going to
Edinburgh in a stormy day.

WHAT 'vails it us, that by a blazing fire
We sit, whilst chearful friends delight our
eyes,

When gentle DAMON, we so much admire,
Now feels the stormy breath of angry skies,

Oh! how the blust'ring wind disturbs mine ear!
And see the leaves, once verdant, strew the
ground!

How bare the trees look! but my greatest fear
Is, lest our matchless Damon should be drown'd.

Blow soft, ye Winds! fell Rain, a while forbear;
Some guardian Spirit waft him safely o'er
The stormy waves; then take him to your care,
When youthful passions worse than tempests roar.

May Reason lead him through the How'ry way,
All varnish'd o'er with Pleasure's soothing forms.
There sits the sorcerer, in quest of prey,
And all the beauties of the soul deform.

M

Thus

Thus nobly daring, may he gain the height,
 The goodly eminence where Wisdom stays;
 Whose sacred lustre gives a radiant light,
 Which keeps the willing youth in Virtue's way.

Pencil

From a point of crimson hue,
 This Pencil first the graceful Delta drew.
 There veil'd from human eyes, it lay conceal'd
 The confident of all her secret mind.

Take it, the cried, my friend, its use be yours;
 With it describe your groves, banks, and bowers,
 With every blooming scene to flesh and gay,
 Which flows and heeds before your eyes display;
 How peeps Aurora o'er yon dewy lawn;
 How channels the lake in morning's earliest dawn;
 How glows the soul when tuneful warblers sing;
 And all the beauties of the coming Spring.

She said, and gave it with a sweet smile;
 It might a savage of his rage beguile.
 More than the gift did the fair giver please;
 For what's a gift if not bestow'd with ease?
 The Miller ne'er his native colour shows
 More clear, than when he charity bestows;
 His trembling hand betrays his narrow soul;
 So much, it bluffs and tarnishes the whole.

M

Thus nobly daring, may he gain the height
 The goodly eminence where Wisdom lays;
 Whose sacred lustre gives a radiant light
 To a young Lady who gave me a
 Pencil.

FOURTH from a polish'd case of crimson hue,
 This Pencil strait the graceful DELIA drew.
 Where, veil'd from human eyes, it lay confin'd,
 Sole confident of all her secret mind.

Take it, she cried, my friend; its use be yours;
 With it describe your grottoes, banks, and bow'rs,
 With ev'ry blooming scene so fresh and gay,
 Which flow'rs and herbs before your eyes display;
 How peeps Aurora o'er yon dewy lawn;
 How chaunts the lark in morning's earliest dawn;
 How glows the soul when tuneful warblers sing;
 And all the beauties of the coming Spring.

She said, and gave it with so sweet a smile,
 As might a savage of his rage beguile.
 More than the gift did the fair giver please;
 For what's a gift if not bestow'd with ease?
 The Miser ne'er his native colour shows
 More clear, than when he charity bestows;
 His trembling hand betrays his narrow soul
 So much, it blasts and tarnishes the whole.

But bless'd, for ever bless'd, be Delia's heart
 Be hers the train of social joys a' impart;
 Be hers to feel that sympathetic glow,
 Which moves congenial souls to link below
 Guard her, ye Pow'rs Divine, from that hard fate
 Which oft the giddy prove in marriage-state
 When they, allur'd by filthy Lucre's charms,
 Repent too late, involv'd on odious arms.
 But, ye indulgent Pow'rs, that watch the fair
 Of Britain's isle, take Delia to your share
 Exert your office; gently pave the way,
 And make her beauties shine in open day.
 In some superior circle may she move,
 Bless'd with some favour'd youth her heart can love
 Of polish'd sense, honour, with softness join'd,
 Who loves her person, but admires her mind;
 Whom Gold nor sordid Avarice can charm,
 But inward excellence, which Time can't harm.
 Thus calmly shall they pass Life's vernal day,
 And mildest sunshine gild their ev'ning-ray.

Where sweetest walks invite thee to the field,
 Where birds do sing, and trees sweet fragrance
 Afford, give, be portion of my days,
 And crown my rustic humble verse with bays.

Dæmon, the fittest youth of all time's line
 Relov'd the joys of rural life to mine

THE following Poem cannot be well understood by any person, except the Gentleman to whom it is addressed, who paid me a visit in a rural retreat, which was for some time my habitation, in company with some female friends; where our abode was romantic, and perfectly solitary. — The youth being an entire stranger in the country, lost his road in a forest: so that some circumstances are true, the rest altogether imaginary, and written solely to amuse myself in retirement.

To

O Thou! that dwell'st secure in lofty tow'rs,
Incircled round with woods and blooming
flow'rs,

Where sweetest walks invite thee to the field,
Where birds do sing, and trees sweet fragrance
yield,

Attention give, be patron of my lays,
And crown my rustic simple verse with bays.

DAMON, the fairest youth of all that's fair,
Resolv'd the joys of rural life to share;

Tir'd

Tir'd with lac'd footmen whilst he sits to dine,
 With boards luxurious, and delicious wine;
 For Luxury itself can't always ease
 The mind; 'tis dear Variety must please.

Thus unattended or by groom or squire,
 Forth through the forest straight he did retire.
 Nor on his pleasure was he only bent;
 Some tenants still were in arrear for rent;
 The which to dun he went away inclin'd;
 When, lo! the farmer's daughter chang'd his
 mind.

Neat, neat she was, in rural garments dress'd;
 Her clean apartment her own turn express'd.
 Bright were her eyes; white, round, and plump;
 her arm,

Which soon did Damon's cruelty disarm.
 Then with a certain languor in her eyes,
 She view'd the gentle youth with wild surprise;
 She started back; yet soon his aspect mild
 Dispell'd her fears; she curtsy'd low, and smil'd.

No fairer nymph had Damon ever seen;
 He lik'd her manner, her engaging mien,
 And eas'ly was prevail'd with her to go,
 Within the bow'r, to chat an hour or two.
 But ere he was aware, gray light appear'd;
 Sunk was the sun, which ev'ry object chear'd.

Now

Now Damon was a stranger in the place;
 He wist not where to turn his horse's face.
 To cease take the wench, he cry'd; what made me
 stay,

and fool with her the precious hours away?
 O this, ye youths, take care, be not overcome
 By Woman's wiles, else sure you'll be undone.
 But yet his resolution did not fail;
 He knew that Courage only must prevail.
 He spurr'd his horse, and through the forest flew,
 Resolv'd to stop at the first house in view.

Now mark what wonders were produc'd by
 Fate,

Which led young Damon to a spacious gate.

Far in the deep recesses of a wood,

An old romantic stately castle stood;

By hedges well fence'd round with zealous care,

Next to its gate some straggler might repair.

A country-squire, who dearly lov'd his self,

Resolving still to keep it to himself,

Brought up his daughters on this wond'rous plan,

Their eyes had ne'er survey'd the creature Man.

When they were infants, he the thing design'd,

And to a governess he them resign'd;

Who, brib'd by Avarice, with brow severe,

To all his precepts strictly did adhere;

Taught

Taught them to weave broad laces, knit,
 With ev'ry grace her fancy could bestow;
 But kept them still in solitude confin'd,
 Unknown to men; nor knew they of the kind.
 No vain coquettish airs could they display,
 Nor at the toilet trifle hours away.
 Alas! they did not know the use of dress;
 Their eyes had ne'er beheld a looking-glass;
 Sometimes, reflected from the silent flood,
 Their image gleam'd, whilst they confounded
 It with their own.

Yet not less fragrant smells the blushing rose
 That in some humble vale so sweetly grows,
 Sequester'd far from sight, and seldom seen,
 Than in the gawdy garden of a king.
 So bloom'd our Virgins in this humble vale;
 Nor could their nat'ral beauties e'er prevail
 With their old rigid Sire, nor touch his heart;
 From his past conduct ne'er would he depart.

But now observe the sequel of my verse;
 The tale, ye Muses, help me to rehearse;
 That night was all this great enchantment broke
 And all vanish'd like a cloud of smoke.
 One of the Nymphs, more forward than the rest,
 Thus to her governess herself address'd.

Oh

Oh! thou that in this desert bear'st the sway,
 To whose commands submissive we obey,
 Indulge me, whilst I tell what grises arise,
 Within my breast, and fill with tears mine eyes.

As by yon river's brink oft-times I stray,
 And with mine eyes the gliding stream survey,
 The stream, which ever runs, but never dries,
 I wonder who the mighty source supplies,
 Thus as I one day mus'd, with grief oppress'd,
 Quite tir'd at last I laid me down to rest.
 Kind gentle Sleep soon clos'd my weary eyes;
 Oh! then I dream'd, which must yourself sur-

prise.
 Methought before mine eyes a form appear'd:
 I started back; but lov'd what yet I fear'd.
 Much like myself it was, but oddly dress'd;
 With cries, my fears and wonder I express'd.
 What do I see! Ye Pow'rs of Heav'n reveal,
 But let me fly; yon woods will me conceal.
 Yet ere I fled, I look'd; the object smil'd;
 Off flew my fears; my heart was soon beguil'd;
 Then with a soft persuasive voice, it said,
 Stay, gentle Maid, be not of me afraid.
 Ah! wherefore dost thou wildly fly from me?
 I come to ease thy cares, and set thee free.

Thou

Thou must no longer in this vale remain;
 I at your father's ways feel vast disdain.
 The pitying angels that o'erlook the fair,
 Sent me your worth and merit to declare.

Thou that with perfect beauty art adorn'd,
 For other ends than staying here wert form'd.
 Those smiling eyes, those features all refin'd,
 To gaze at lifeless trees were ne'er design'd.
 Know, injur'd Innocence, thou'rt sore betray'd,
 In secret to this desert wast convey'd;
 Whilst yet your infant-years no guile perceiv'd,
 And by your rigid tutor still deceiv'd.
 Believe no more her old pernicious lies:
 Be deaf to her intreaties, tears, and sighs;
 Nor longer in this wilderness remain;
 Break from her chains, and liberty regain.
 With such as me sweet converse shall you find,
 Engaging manners, gentle, soft, and kind;
 For such as me hath Nature form'd thee fair;
 With such as me true joys alone you'll share.

Ab! what art thou? surpris'd, amaz'd, I say,
 What is your name? or whence come you this
 way?
 Sure thou'rt some Sylvan spirit of the grove,
 Or some bright Cherub of yon world above;

For such, I hear my Governours oft say,
Fly round our heads, and drive all harm away.

Again the object smil'd, and thus began.

I am no angel; but my name is Man.

When Man at first was form'd by bounteous
Heav'n,

A smiling Maid, like you, to him was giv'n.

Till then, in vain the Sun did dart his ray

Upon the earth, and made creation gay.

In vain the flow'rs before his eyes display'd

Their painted bloom, in sweetest hue array'd.

Though ev'ry bird and beast did hail him Lord;

Yet none could solid happiness afford.

Joyless he wander'd through each grove and wood,

A savage creature, quite untam'd, and rude.

But when a heav'nly maid, like you, appear'd,

He felt emotions new, his heart was cheer'd.

By instinct he a right o'er her did claim;

She heard, she saw, she felt the gen'rous flame.

Now, thus instructed, gentle Virgin, fly:

At th' entrance of this grove a youth you'll spy,

Who all the truth I've said to thee will show,

And hence instruct thee what thou oughtst to
know.

Thus said, he vanish'd from my gazing eyes;

Harick'd aloud, and wak'd with vast surprise.

Now quickly say, thou who canst all reveal,
What thou no longer shalt from us conceal.

At this the wrinkl'd hag seem'd much dismay'd;
She shook her head, and thus demurely said:
Alas, my child! this dream fills me with pangs
The wild chimera's of a ruff'd brain.

But Heav'n preserve your life, and keep thee free
From some vile Demon's dire malignity,
But safe within this bow'r keep close confin'd,
And soon this dream will vanish from your mind.

To her fair charge herself she thus address'd,
But gen'ral murmurs ran through ev'ry breast,
LIMIRA pensive through the woods did stray,
And to the well-fenc'd gate she took her way,
And reach'd it just as Damon did appear.
Her heart at once felt joy, surprise, and fear.
Oh! Heav'n's! she cried, what do mine eyes be-

hold?
Is this a man? Ye Pow'rs above unfold!
Oh! yes it is, she joyfully exclaim'd;
'Twas no delusion which I last night dream'd.

The same mild aspect and attractive air:
O! 'tis a man, I solemnly declare.

With silent wonder Damon view'd the maid,
And all her artless nat'ral charms survey'd.

Upon

on his tongue prompt elocution dwells;
 smoothest words the maid his story tells,
 how he through forests, boggs, and breaks did
 stray,
 till quite bewilder'd now he'd lost his way,
 hegg'd he might rest him in her bow'r till day.

With joy she leads him to the ancient hall,
 and instantly did all her sisters call,
 come, see a man! she cried; a man I've found.
 Oh! how my soul with joy doth now abound!
 With eager haste each nymph came rushing down,
 Graceful they look'd, their hair a lovely brown.
 One press'd his hand, another strok'd his hair;
 All prais'd his person, shape, and comely air;
 Declar'd he ne'er must from their bow'r depart;
 Limira said, 'twould surely break her heart.

So long he tarried, and with such content,
 That ere he wist next day was almost spent.
 Then bursting from them homeward strait he
 flies,
 And left the mournful nymphs with wat'ry eyes;
 Who in sad words their bitter grief express;
 Curs'd their old Governess, gave her no rest;
 And vow'd, that they would still despair and
 mourn,
 Unless young Damon quickly would return.

To

To old NIGAREA she the truth reveal'd,
 And not one circumstance from him conceal'd.
 Lest bad effects had followed his neglect,
 He took them home, and us'd them with respect
 But still young Damon in his heart he curst
 And would have made him tremble if he durst

Henceforth, ye Parents ! learn from this to know
 How far with your authority to go,
 Would ye your daughters to be good and wise
 Teach them by your example truth to prize.
 Early instruct them what they ought to know,
 Of Vice and Virtue, Happiness and Wo:
 Lest by ill-tim'd restraint, and jealous care,
 You drive them to the things which most you fear

Lord ALVA, for repairing a
ruined Bridge over the Dovan.

O mean ignoble lay now claims the Muse;
Arise, Calliope, my breast infuse
With thy heroic ardour, and inspire
Harmonious numbers, mix'd with sacred fire;
Thy verse uncouth, and hobbling metre, stain
Subject Homer's pen might not disdain.
Homer live, or such a bard as he,
Whom Dovan might with his Scamander vie,
Whose waves the fierce Achilles set at odds,
Still in the combat gods made war with gods.
Hail! for a Muse like his, now to resound
The rural sweets that in this vale abound;
Where beauties 'scape the dull untutor'd eye,
Which souls refin'd with raptur'd view do spy.

Hail! gentle Waters! soft and peaceful flow,
In graceful windings down the plain below.
By your aid my Muse was taught to fly
Beyond the radiant circle of the sky,

When

When, safe immur'd in Cowden's shady bow'r
 Far from the world, I stole some peaceful hour
 Those hours all other hours excell'd the most
 When no production of the soul was lost
 Where to hoarse waters gentle breezes join'd,
 To rouse at once and elevate the mind.

A mental produce there each shade supply'd,
 A blessing still to circling crouds deny'd,
 Who cannot separate their bliss from show,
 But blindly from such sweet retirements go.

As oft to this sequester'd bow'r I came,
 A shatter'd Bridge lay cross my favour'd stream
 Whose rugged narrow passage hurt my sight,
 And with sure danger travellers did fright.
 Sore griev'd my heart such ruin'd scenes to vie
 And more I griev'd myself could nothing do,
 Whilst in this humble sphere confin'd I stood,
 To raise one arch up for the public good.
 As once upon its brink I sadly mus'd,
 The water and its finny breed perus'd,
 That flouncing through the deep did nimbly go
 And glitter'd through the blue profound below,
 I gaz'd; but found my heart with sorrow press'd
 Which thus in plaintive numbers I express'd.
 Ye Naiads! gentle guardians of the deep,
 Whose eyes a watchful observation keep,

Atten

Attend, lest, heedless of the dang'rous way,
Some hapless stranger rashly fall a prey;
Some reeling drunkard, careless of his fame,
Sink down, and with his fall pollute thy stream.
Soft o'er his head let whirling eddies flow,
And safely land him on the sand below.

To things inanimate I thus complain'd;
But, to my grief, the fatal cause remain'd,
Till wise ALPHONSO from his secret bow'r
Observ'd the danger, and employ'd his pow'r;
A Noble Senator, who liv'd nearby,
To his proposals quickly did comply,
And urg'd the cause with such a well-tim'd zeal,
That in full council strait he did prevail.
Hence action follow'd: masons did repair,
The sounding hammer quick an arch did rear.
Now gilded chariots here may turn with ease;
The work's complete, and must each trav'ler
please.

Now pensive may I tread the river's brink,
And view the rocks and streams, and pore and
think;
Nor risk the lover's loup, by sad mistake,
Which 'gainst my will my heedless feet might take.
Here, DOVAN, may I view thy winding course,
And trace thy matchless beauties to their source;

O

How

How in thy hollow breast thou dost embrace,
 Of hills and vales a very ample space.
 Ye Naiads of the deep ! declare its worth,
 Or from what sacred stream it claims its birth.

The awful silence strait the Goddess broke,
 And rising from the deep she graceful spoke :
 O thou who dost my blissful streams admire !
 And of their great original inquire,
 Thy laudable desire I long to quell,
 Yet for a while thy eager thirst repel.
 Art thou not glad to fair a Bridge to view ?
 Hence to your former sorrows bid adieu.
 With joy I view'd his labour to repair,
 And bless'd the generous author for his care.
 Soft shall my streams adown his pastures roll,
 And with their genial moisture fat the soil.
 Like fruitful Nile o'er each Egyptian field,
 Such happy produce shall his furrows yield ;
 While fair Pomona to his trees shall run,
 And spread their painted blossoms to the sun,
 Year after year domestic sweets shall rise,
 Joy fill his breast, and Pleasure court his eyes ;
 Whilst Pan, amidst his fleecy charge shall sing,
 And Satyr's dance ; the Woods with joy shall
 ring.

Such home-felt pleasure is the due reward

Of those who others good do still regard;

Who to the pow'n of doing so is join'd;

The god-like ardour of a willing mind.

To such th' envy'd happiness is giv'n,

To imitate on earth the Lord of Heav'n;

To lift from mis'ry the oppressed head,

And satisfy the hungry soul with bread,

For Heav'n all-wise, bade, at Creation's birth,

Superiors and inferiors people earth,

Some are invested with an ample store,

God's stewards here below to feed the poor;

And those that riot all those stores away,

Deserve exclusion from the light of day:

Those worthless dregs and shapes of human-kind,

Who break the sacred order Heav'n design'd,

Who for each station fram'd its proper use,

That all might gen'ral harmony produce,

No worth is rated by much wealth enjoy'd,

Nor rank in life, but how 'tis all employ'd.

She said; and, diving in the water, laves
Her amber locks, and sinks below the waves.

Gaze, her crystal palaces to spy,

Not only see reflected clouds and sky;

Then fought the bow'r, with rural beauty
crown'd ;

When, lo ! the useful Senator I found.

My heart did secret homage to the man

Who had completed such an useful plan.

I wish'd the river-goddess might fulfill

Her words, and blessings on his head distill.

AMANDA and SYLVIA.

A Pastoral.

AMANDA.

WHY droops my blooming SYLVIA ? whence
those sighs,
that half-suppress'd seem in your breast to rise ?
hurts my soul to see your secret grief :
declare the cause, perhaps I'll give relief.

SYLVIA.

Alas ! the cause is far beyond your pow'r ;
'Tis only Time that can my sadness cure :
and Time perhaps will not my woe remove ;
nor who can tell but it approaches love ?
Oh me ! prepare to hear a dismal tale :
What can my tears or silence now avail ?
DAMON, the loveliest youth, the pride of swains,
now bids adieu for ever to our plains ;
To leave us unharmonious, stupid, sad ;
For who can charm like that delightful lad ?

Oh !

Oh ! none ; for he so many ways can please,
 And tells his story with such wit and ease,
 That all the listening nymphs and swains declare
 That none with matchless Damon can compare
 Don't you yourself confess he's wondrous fine
 Ye Pow'rs defend me ! but I fear my heart.

AMANDA.

Alack-a-day ! and is that youth to go,
 Whose warbling music makes each bosom glow
 Not Orpheus, when below he tun'd his lyre,
 Could such sensations in the breast inspire.
 Apollo hears his lays with sweet surprise,
 And owns he's stol'n the music of the skies.
 Hail ! sacred Harmony ! by thee we're giv'n,
 To imitate on earth the joys of heav'n.
 Bless'd be the gentle youth, who thus can move
 The soul, and tune the passions into love.

SYLVIA.

O yes ! his music sure deserves applause ;
 But still with me he pleads a nobler cause.
 In silent eloquence he excels ;
 And on his tongue what soothing nonsense dwells

since the truth must be at last confess,
on the carpet where he charms me best.

O ye Pow'rs ! the youth appears complete
when he humbly kneels beneath my feet,
my pride is flatter'd : there I reign ;
it's better far than his Tenduccion strain.

What to me do whinnying rants avail,
filling his voice as long's the comet's tail ?

rather see my gown disorder'd made,
than hear each trio e'er Corellio play'd :

'twixt ourselves, I may this truth disclose,
the nymphs delight to romp beneath the rose.

AMANDA.

I can't deny it much ; but let him go ;

why should his absence fill your heart with wo ?
and girl ! don't you perceive your favour'd swain
romp with ev'ry nymph upon the plain ?

you might as well controul the raging wind,

think to settle his unstable mind.

besides, 'tis but by turns we see his face :

he just peeps in, then seeks some happier place.

like thirsty Tantalus, when 'bove his waist

the waters flow'd, which he durst never taste ;

such is our case : Then let the youth depart.

and may the blessed Pow'rs still guard his heart.

From

From joys which sacred Reason must disdain,
 And pleasures which on recollection pain.
 Should Fate his steps to distant climes remove,
 May Joy attend him, Fame, Renown, and Love
 That Fame which from inherent goodness springs
 Which brings more solid joys than pomp of kings
 For vain are riches, honour, pow'r, or state;
 'Tis Virtue only makes us truly great.

But say, ye blessed ever-remember'd Nine
 Immortal Virgins! Goddesses divine!
 What mighty cause made Cæsar's bosom swell
 With hidden passion, which no bow could quell

The DOUBLE MISTAKE.

COME, Muses, let your aid to mortals show
 What great events from simple sources flow;
 How trifles oft to vast importance rise,
 Stalk through the earth, and fain would scale the
 skies;

How Pain on Pleasure's joyful march intrudes;
 Still, still the fleeting bliss our grasp eludes.
 As sweetest flow'rs on sharpest briars grow,
 So human happiness is mix'd with wo.
 Alarming state! ah, Mortals! thus to chase
 An airy form, which shuns our fond embrace:
 Is there in Wisdom's hidden lore no charm,
 To fright the fiend, and all his pow'r disarm?
 Ah! no: Behold the wise are often caught,
 And with the fool partake the mingled draught!

But say, ye blessed ever-tuneful Nine!
 Immortal Virgins! Goddesses divine!
 What mighty cause made CELIA's bosom swell
 With sudden passion, which no pow'r could quell,
 P Till

Till rais'd to something which we call disdain,
'Gainst Strephon, gentlest shepherd of the plain
Strephon, whose form and mind might

Far nobler feelings than the rage of hate,
But how came gallant Strephon to be mov'd,
And all that Celia utter'd disapprov'd?
Such contrarieties our wonder claim:
Speak, Sovereign Muse! and hand it down
Fame

Now ruthless Winter quits the blasted shades,
And Spring's reviving pow'r the fields invades.
Fierce Boreas flies the animating ray,
And gentle Zephyr rules the smiling Day.
A golden glow usurps the vast expanse;
The nymphs and shepherds mingle in the dance.
Such scenes Arcadian swains of old did prove
Where all was spring, harmonious joy, and love
Delightful period! friend to social life.
The ban of rugged Care, the foe to Strife,
Seize, Mortals! ere it fly, the blissful scene;
Fly, Discord; let not Prudery intervene.
To blast with pale distrust our social hours,
Which Time, in his rude march, anon devours,
Soon will the summer of our life be o'er,
And Music's pow'rful sounds excite no more.

Warm'd

Warm'd with such views, and met in yonder
 Hall, Till rais'd to something which we call
 Their of chosen youth produc'd a ball,
 Deduced on Decorum's nicest plan.
 By Gnatho, a discreet sagacious man
 He, jealous lest they had transgress'd his rules,
 And peradventure been the jest of fools,
 A magic circle 'twixt the sexes plac'd,
 Who pass'd to each had well nigh been disgrac'd
 But to the sage 'tis sure a task to know
 The medium 'twixt the right and wrong below :
 Th' inexplicable lines do meet so nice,
 Th' extremes of Virtue border upon Vice.
 Good honest Guff, whilst offering the bowl
 He utter'd wholesome precepts for the soul
 Eager to mix amongst the young and fair
 The joys of music and of mirth to share
 Young Strephon snail follows Celia's aid,
 With him to dance. The thought transports the
 maid :
 For Strephon with the gayest might advance,
 Or in the ring to shine, or lead the dance,
 And Celia, though she thought it, might compare
 With other nymphs that look'd so softly and fair :
 With curious art behold the toilet's art,
 And glitt'ring gems and powder-puffs display'd ;
 Th' at-

Th' attending Sylphs with flitting wings haste repair
 Whole sovereign bus'ness is to guard the fair,
 And 'gainst the destin'd meeting did devise,
 In Fancy's maze to see a goddess rise.

Vain bliss! which thus the soul of man endears
 Nought is secure beneath the rolling spheres;
 Some latent mischief oft our schemes destroy,
 And from the lip drive off the cup of joy.
 For nor a goddess nor a nymph appears,
 Disastrous chance! but, left at home in tears,
 The cruel Fates did Strephon overthrow;
 Then all the fancy'd mirth dissolv'd in woe.
 Urg'd by these varied scenes, I pensive said,
 Coy Happiness! thou dear delusive shade,
 Tell, thou attractive beam that charm'st our eyes
 In what sequester'd bow'r the substance lies?
 Does some malicious pow'r thy gifts detain,
 And still reward our ard'our search with pain?
 Or is't our folly, pride, caprice, or spleen,
 That charms thee hence to seek some milder
 scene?

From doubt to doubt, with endless search I sweep
 Till friendly Morpheus lent the gifts of sleep.
 Then on my fancy rose a shining form,
 Whose dazzling beauty sham'd the blooming
 morn;

Perfussion's

Her moving powers dwell on her tongue;
 And graceful the instructive tale began.

And let doubt to sacred truth give way,

I those mystic puzzling scenes display;

And mortals what a numerous band of foes,

Unthought of, 'gainst their peace oppose,

And poisonous thoughts, which often find

An easy access to th' unguarded mind.

Jealous Doubts, Distrust, and wayward

Spleen,

And noxious vapours, dim the mind serene.

Now, in a hated region, void of light,

Where snakes his round, dwells a detested wight,

From whose pestiferous jaws a vapour flies,

Which threatens ruin to the fair and wise.

Her soul the raging Furies seem to chase,

And fill with vengeance 'gainst the human race.

Joy e'er on her wrinkl'd cheek appears,

The rueful smile is caus'd by mortal tears.

And this destructive hag the Harpies dwell,

And, Despite, with ev'ry imp of hell.

Suspicion, Mischief, handmaids of her train,

Unnecessarily promote th' infernal reign.

Thus arm'd with proper engines to annoy,

Too oft doth she our peace of mind destroy.

Who sends my Lady Grizel home in tears,

When Flavia's gilded equipage appears?

Who

Who makes a prude despise some favour'd toad
 And condescends unknown ladies favours boast
 Who in the jealous heart doth fury raise,
 But this curs'd hag? who acts by various ways

Now with malignant fowl she eyes the dance,
 Vast preparations for this jovial dance;
 And first she summons all her vengeful band;
 Which fly, attentive of each dire command.
 Hear, Harpies! all ye Furies, hear your Queen;
 Each fell inhabitant who dwells unseen,
 Behold a pair who our dread pow'r repel!
 Such harmony within each bosom dwells.
 Both Nymph and Swain our mingl'd influence
 Feorn:

They tread on flowers, but seldom feel the thorn
 Assist me now to blast their fair design:
 Go, raging Mischief! that fell task be thine.

She said:—And Mischief, with a Harpy
 Flew off, and reach'd the dismal seats of Pain;
 Invok'd the pow'r, whose sad preventing blow
 Made Strephon quickly feel the tort'ring throes
 And now supine he lies, a prey to pain;
 Excruciating anguish fills each vein.

Ah me! no more can music charm his soul,
 Nor friendly converse, nor the flowing bowl.

Who makes a pride despite some favour'd
And now the youth with ardour seeks to find;
To leave the ball, the nymphs, and feast resign'd.
But this cur'd hag, who acts by various ways,
A winged courier next to Celia flies;
The nymph receives the news with wat'ry eyes;
Not the disappointment griev'd the fair,
That which hinder'd Strephon to be there;
Which she sympathetically resolves to wait
At home, and share her weary partner's fate.
Each fell, to find her arts in vain,
Behold a puffing back to her infernal train,
Suspicion next upon a vapour sails,
And in a dream the maid with doubts assails.

Ah! Sleep'st thou, hapless Virgin, said the foe,
When such contempt your charms must undergo?
Go, saying Mischief! that fell talk to him,
This once touch the young malignant ear,
That known contempt of beauty must you
bear,
And be the jest of ev'ry envious fair!
Made Strephon quickly feel the tort'ring throes,
Was it for this your robes were laid aside,
Those sparkling brightness with the sun-beams
dy'd?
Alas! no more can music charm his soul,
Nor friends, nor friends, nor friends, nor friends,
Still Strephon to the ball did joyful roam?

Nor

Nor thought of thee did once his mirth cool
 He of each pleasure-party was the soul.

The Nymph awakes, now jealous of her
 Suspicious fumes went raging through her
 Deuce take I she cried, the flatt'ring cringing
 Whose wiles oft prove a foe to female peace,
 Detested arts I that such as I should grieve
 Henceforth let never maid a man believe;
 Nor ever, after trust an outward form,
 Since fairest apples lodge a cruel worm.
 The snake is often hid 'mongst fairest flow'rs
 And thus th' unwary passenger devours.
 O were he here I with one destructive blow
 My fan should lay the vast offender low.

Thus rag'd the Nymph: Young Strepho
 the while,
 Unconscious of offence, and void of guile,
 Approach'd the nymph; who in a volley sh
 A torrent of reproaches on his head.
 Amazement and surprise his speech suppress
 A prompt excuse lay struggling in his breast
 But lest submission had the fair appear'd,
 The fiend slept in, and all his vitals seiz'd.
 Suspicion, Anger, rose to such a height,
 That each genteel apology took flight.

Now, like contending pow'rs, whose warlike
 pride
 turns vain debates, the sword must now decide :
 which stood resolv'd unnatural war to wage ;
 He answer'd Pride, and Rage encounter'd Rage.
 'Till such dire events had taken rise,
 That earth and air had rent with vast surprise,
 Left my dwelling in the bow'rs of light,
 And quickly put each hellish imp to flight.
 I wou'd that such favour'd mortals had been
 snar'd,
 And for a while such harsh ideas shar'd,
 Which stop'd th' internal beam of Reason's eye,
 Which made Suspicion's gloomy vapours fly.
 Why did not Musie's pow'rful force expell
 Those doubts, and baffle all the rage of Hell ?
 Where was Apollo, father of the lyre,
 Whose sons he oft doth with my force inspire ?
 Whose darts are my vot'ries, past the pow'r of Fame,
 And Fortune's gifts ; for Harmony's my name.
 Whose darts they who seek my social influence :
 Whose sovereign blessings to the soul dispense.
 Whose soul'd, and with a blaze of light retir'd.
 Whose wak'd, and felt my soul with ardour fir'd.
 Hail, sacred Harmony ! delightful guest !
 Come and possess each corner of my breast :
 Come.

Come, Goddess, with thy blissful smiling train,
 Scatter Distrust and Doubt, Discord and Pain;
 That not our friendly dance, nor social feast,
 May e'er produce repentance or distaste.
 Teach us to baffle our infernal foes,
 And their united force with thine oppose:
 Then Music-sounds, and sweet harmonious Peals
 Shall rule our souls, and fellest Discord cease.

When I attempt to write that word Farewell,
 What force of language shall my feelings tell,
 Within my breast, and all with tears mine eyes;
 But ah! what pining sentiments arise

And must you go to India's distant shore?
 And must I never, never see you more?
 Must foreign climes to vast a pleasing prove,
 And from our ill's your form and mind remove?

O cruel Fate! th' alternative severe
 Bids me approve the blow I scarce can bear,
 Bids me that constancy and truth admire,
 That makes you from your native land retire.

To Mrs. RUSSEL, on her leaving
Britain.

ERE from Edina's circling bounds you fly
Where friends shall weep, and heave the
parting sigh;

Ere from our fond embraces you are torn,
On curling waves and foaming billows borne;
Permit the Muse to bid a long adieu,
To Merit, Excellence, to Taste, and you.

But, ah! what painful sentiments arise
Within my breast, and fill with tears mine eyes!
What force of language shall my feelings tell,
When I attempt to write that word *Farewell*?

And must you go to India's distant shore?
And must I never, never see you more?
Must foreign climes so vast a blessing prove,
And from our isle your form and mind remove?

O cruel Fate! th' alternative severe
Bids me approve the blow I scarce can bear,
Bids me that constancy and truth admire,
That makes you from your native land retire,

To meet that happy youth whom Hymen's tie
 In sacred bonds, now claims that sacrifice
 There ev'ry other tie too weak must prove,
 Nor e'er be balanc'd with connubial love.

Then go, dear Nymph; and may some fav'ring
 breeze

Temper the air, and calm the raging seas:
 Ye Dolphins, Neriads, round her galley play,
 In sweetest gambols, charm the wat'ry way;
 Whilst each harmonious pow'r of Music flies,
 To raise your fame in India's brighter skies.
 That tuneful voice the list'ning ear must charm
 And each ungente passion quite disarm.
 For whilst your fingers touch the trembling string
 The ravish'd croud will deem an angel sings;
 The finest music unison will find
 In ev'ry movement of your well-tun'd mind.

But, ah! must we those blessings quite forgo,
 That from those charms united still must flow?
 Must I — But why, alas! thus urge my wo?

Farewell; and may protecting Heav'n defend
 From ev'ry ill, and all your steps attend.
 Your purest favours on her head bestow,
 O ye blest'd Pow'rs! that rule the world below

her new Sphere exalted may she shine;
 her polish'd manners eastern dames refine;
 her Piety and Truth to view,
 and that engaging mildness known to few.

That mildness still the care of Heav'n,
 long life, long health, and happiness be given.

Love, in all his pleasing forms appear,
 shine more bright through each revolving
 year,

Heav'n at last resume that life it gave,

and silver'd Age prepare thee for the grave:

then may a choir of Seraphs bright attend,

your last breath, and their assistance lend;

lift you to heav'n, which only can improve

your bliss, and fill you with immortal love.

Occasioned

Occasioned by seeing a great number of Trees cut down at Sc
girth.

A H me ! what sadly-rueful scenes appear
Soft ! till my bosom burst the heart
sigh.

How fades the prospect of the op'ning year,
And all my sanguinary visions fly !

No more I'll sit beneath each grateful shade,
So oft the Muse's haunt, and sole delight
See ! on the ground the stately elms are laid
Invention dies ; it sickens at the sight.

What frantic madness form'd the barb'rous
To ravage, hack, and massacre the field
Ye gentle waving Pines ! is this the meed
For each exalted thought your shades did

Here did my infant-steps the Muse explore,
Long ere I knew, the animating voice ;
Unskill'd in Science, or in Wisdom's lore,
'Twas Nature early dictated my choice.

sacred blessed choice ! to me more sweet,
 Now when Reflection doubles all my joys,
 pow'r or riches, howsoever complete :
 Compar'd, the latter seem but empty toys.

blissful visions on my mental sight
 Are by the Muse's fruitful pow'r display'd :
 And each trifling aim I take my flight ;
 Grief itself by their bless'd force allay'd.

who can limit Fancy's airy way,
 Or clip the rising wings of Thought sublime ?
 That pow'r on earth that ardour can allay,
 Which soaring mounts beyond the verge of
 Time ?

All then my lyre, neglected and forlorn,
 Refuse a plaintive tribute to rehearse ?
 The sacred spot, whose shades in early morn
 Of life, conspir'd to tune my soul to verse.
 And check'ring through the trees with sweet
 surprise,

The bluish hills majestic, struck my view,
 Thought the world was all before mine eyes,
 And bounded where the sight could not pur-
 sue.

Soon

Soon as the moon in heav'n began to roll,
Through clouds her pathless journey would
trace.

A sentiment innate compell'd my soul,
In such amusements all its bliss to place.

For all Creation's mingl'd beauties rise,
In pleasurable forms, to bless that soul
Who fondly views them with admiring eyes,
And grateful thanks the Author of the whole

O happy period ! whither art thou fled ?
Return again ; my knowledge I'll forego :
For now, alas ! each grove or cooling shade,
Such bliss cannot procure, unmix'd with wo.

For Desolation ev'ry where appears,
Where Taste, erewhile, and Judgement, d
preside.

And see the Trees distill soft trick'ling tears,
And mourn their glory left without a guide.

Ah me ! who next shall lord it o'er each flow'r,
Shall dare the sacreligious axe apply,
And all those sweet remaining shades devour,
And with impunity the Muse defy ?

Bless

Bless'd Shades, adieu ! no more I'll you invoke !
 No more your beauties view at parting day ;
 Talk with the Dryads of yon ancient Oak,
 Or hear the woodland songsters chaunt their
 lay !

R

The

The Dignity of the Soul.

What is a man profited if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul? or what shall man give in exchange for his soul?

MATTH. xvi. 2.

EMphatic, awful words, yet how sublime!
Which raises man beyond the verge of Time
Proclaims aloud his soul's immortal fires,
Its elevated views, and vast desires!
Pronounc'd by God's Eternal Son, whose plan
To endless glory rais'd the hopes of man.

O condescending love! surprising grace!
Which high Archangels, wond'ring, strive
To trace;
Why from the bosom of his Father's love,
The Lord of Glory did to earth remove;
Why he assum'd man's nature, and to death
A willing victim did his soul bequeath;
Why all the wrath of God he did endure,
To render our salvation firm and sure;

Desp

his'd of men, rejected, and abhorr'd,
 whom celestial Cherubims ador'd;
 whom th' Eternal did proclaim on high,
 sole Begotten, girt with majesty;
 Who spoke, and, lo ! the earth, the sea, and
 skies,

From Nothing's barren womb did quickly rise.

Almighty Wisdom ! past the pow'r of thought,
 That this fair frame to such perfection brought;
 Who governs still with universal sway,
 Else all would run to ruin and decay !
 That he by whom such glory was display'd,
 Should in a humble manger e'er be laid !
 Should e'er be buffeted by barb'rous foes,
 And on a cross expire with tort'ring throes !
 Exploring angels did this myst'ry view;
 Still rapt in wonder do the theme pursue.

Shall man, for whom this sacrifice was giv'n,
 Be last to prize th' amazing gift of Heav'n ?
 To tend his soul shall angels leave the skies,
 Whilst sin makes him th' immortal spark despise ?
 Infatuated thoughtless man, awake;
 Gird up thy loins, thy sin and sloth forsake;
 Fly to the Lord, lest his forbearing grace
 Should change, and vengeance merited take place.

R. 2

And

And who the angry pow'r of God can tell?
 Omnipotence engag'd is surely hell,
 He who th' immortal spark on man bestows,
 The various means of punishment best knows,
 How dreadful sure his thunder to engage,
 If his long-suffering turns at last to rage!

As when a ship sweeps nimbly through the
 deep,
 Some careless seaman, overcome with sleep,
 Upon the mast, in danger ev'ry throw,
 Of plunging headlong in the gulf below.

Much more alarming, Sinner, is thy case,
 Unless you court the aids of Heav'nly Grace;
 On a more dang'rous precipice you nod,
 Incurring wrath from an offended God.

Awful reflection! Wretched Mortal, think;
 Recoil, for thou art on destruction's brink.
 Fly to thy blessed Saviour for defence,
 Whose precious blood will expiate thy offence,
 Yet hope not to partake so rich a feast,
 Whilst sins indulg'd are sav'ry to your taste;
 Though some you conquer, if in a close cell
 Conceal'd within, your darling passions dwell,
 Pull the right eye, however great the strife,
 If you aspire to enter into life.

Examin

Examine all your heart with zealous care ;

Expunge the lying traitors harbour'd there.

Do vain Ambition, Envy, Malice, Pride,

Uncleanness, or Deceit, in you preſide ?

Does high deſcent, elated views inſpire,

Earth's fame and glory all your boſom fire ?

And when acquir'd, with elevated pride,

The beings plac'd below with ſcorn deride ?

For ſuch there are, who fancy rank and ſhow

The higheſt bliſs man can enjoy below.

Degen'rate Mortal ! bluſh, whoe'er thou art

Who in this portrait views thy empty heart.

What fatal blindneſs dims thy mental fight,

For trifles thy immortal ſoul to flight !

Were twice ten thouſand worlds thrown in the

scales,

The ſoul in matchleſs dignity prevails.

Thy Redeemer ſays, to whom alone

The vaſt importance of a ſoul was known :

Hear him with emphasis this truth declare,

That nought can with th' immortal ſoul compare.

Thou Sun, that once a mournful witneſs ſtood,

When on the croſs he ſhed his precious blood,

When feeling rocks ſplit at their Maker's wo,

All Nature ſympathizing felt the blow,

Thoſe

Those in the gen'ral judgement must condemn,
 Such careless souls, who their own worth conte
 When to redeem them God was at such cost,
 Amazing love ! that all might not be lost.

Ye Angels, that excel in heav'n above !
 Ye burning Seraphims, that melt in love !
 To CHRIST you ne'er can be so near ally'd,
 As those immortal souls for whom he died,
 When entering heav'n in triumph like a bride,
 For ever by the Bridegroom to abide ;
 For ever past the frailties here below ;
 Triumphant glory evermore shall grow ;
 Still moving nearer the Eternal Mind,
 Still new and rapturous discov'ries find.
 The myst'ry of the Cross shall be display'd,
 And ev'ry crown at JESUS' footstool laid,
 Justice and Mercy shall with glory shine,
 Contriv'd by Love and Wisdom all divine.
 O Man ! thine own immortal grandeur view ;
 No more those soul-debasing schemes pursue.
 Cast vast ambition fire ? can bliss allure ?
 Here both are offer'd, permanent and sure.
 When earth and all its scenes are swept away,
 Thy soul shall beam through everlasting day.

Awake, my soul ! man's grandeur point to vie
 Celestial themes with ardour still pursue.

Know thy own dignity, and scorn to raise
 My verse, some trifling nothing into praise :
 'Tis a gift divine, by Heav'n design'd,
 To exalt, improve, and harmonise the mind ;
 To enforce religion by the tuneful art,
 Till it subdue and captivate the heart ;
 To imitate angelic strains below,
 And make the soul with warm devotion glow.

O thou from whose almighty source first came,
 To me unsought, this animating flame !
 Still may thy spirit warm and guide my lays,
 Whilst I attempt to celebrate thy praise.
 O could my verse the pow'r of Vice controul !
 Alas the fervors of some pious soul,
 In some sad heart diffusing sacred joy,
 With fervent zeal my pen I'd still employ ;
 On any soul could I its worth infuse,
 The dormant faculties with ardour rouse,
 To seek the Lord most high, whilst he is near,
 Whilst his long-suffering patience doth appear,
 Whilst yet a Mediator can appease,
 And from the power of sin their souls release.
 O could such bless'd effects my labours crown !
 Without regret I'd to the grave go down,
 And think myself more bless'd than if my name,
 In loudest peals had swell'd the voice of Fame.

All-pow'rful Grace ! exert thy gentle reig
 My wayward passions hush, their pow'r restr
 That I no slur may on religion bring,
 But realize the precepts which I sing;
 Still strive with zeal the narrow path to tread
 By the great Captain of Salvation led.
 By him assisted, all my foes shall fly;
 I Sin and Satan's kingdom shall defy.
 And when the awful trumpet's pow'rful call,
 Shall to its centre shake this wond'rous ball,
 With joy I'll view my Saviour spring from hi
 Whilst sun and stars amaz'd before him fly
 O happy morn ! O soul-exulting hour !
 When all the dead shall burst the tyrant's po
 When all the blessed spirits of the just,
 Again shall animate their precious dust;
 Then from corruption, sin, and sorrow free,
 Shall praise the Lord through all eternity.

OTHO and RUTHA.

A true Story.

PART FIRST.

OTHO.

THE wind blows over my head as I sit by the
 purling stream. Sad and disconsolate I sit
 alone. I speak; but there is none to hear me :
 I vent my sighs to the hollow rocks. The rocks,
 more soft than tyrant man, seem sensible of my
 complaints; and the breezes sigh responsive to my
 moan. Oh! when shall my woes be still? when
 shall remembrance cease to wound me? Ingra-
 titude, black as hell, denies my soul its ease, and
 poisons all my joys. But surely death, the wretch's
 last relief, shall quickly end the scene. Then shall
 I dwell in the land of Silence, and sleep in peace
 with my mighty ancestors. Hark! sure I hear
 the tread of feet. Methought I had secluded my-
 self from prying Curiosity, and breathed out my
 sorrows unknown. Fall upon me, ye tall cedars!
 hide me, if possible, from man. I would asso-

S

ciate

ciate with beasts of prey, and find them less
 structive to my peace than soothing faithless me-
 tals. — But, ha! my friend, my Rutha! Ha!
 shall I avoid him?

RUTHA.

Otho! my kind indulgent friend! a prey to
 lent grief! how shall mine eyes behold the ice
 and not turn blind with wo? How fare you,
 tho? why is your venerable head uncovered
 the desert, a prey to the warring elements and
 ling storm? With the anguish of a friend ha-
 I searched out your retreat. Pour now your gr
 into this faithful bosom, and I will try to ea-
 you.

OTHO.

Rutha! Rutha! do mine eyes again belie-
 you? Alas! I am no more that Otho you ha-
 known, filling with joy the hearts of the distress-
 No more with plenty are my barns crowned, n-
 fathers dropping from my table! There has
 hungry oft been filled; and dire calamity has
 its edge. Oft has a beam of joy shone on t
 mournful brow; and Grief itself, at my approach
 assumed an air of mirth. Silence dwells in n-
 halls, so late the residence of friendly intercourse
 No more does the echoing horn resound throug

the plain, and awake the early huntsman. And
 worst of all, my ruined family are left to wander
 helpless and exposed. Ah me ! my Rutha ! how
 can I, who am the cause of all their wo, support
 their misery ?

RUTHA.

My soul is wounded to behold your tears, and
 all my firmness sinks into the child. You who so
 lately was the poor man's friend, and by his dire
 oppressors seen with terror, now lie extended on
 the earth, just like an oak by some untimely blast
 blown up, and all its rising branches lapt away.
 Oh ! let me lead thee from this desert wild. Near
 to the entrance of this humble vale, I spied a
 little hut, the mean, but happy dwelling of an
 aged hermit : thither let us bend our steps, and
 seek a shelter from this dreadful storm. Hark !
 the thunder roars ! the lightnings fly before us !
 it is more than Nature long can bear. Make
 haste, good Otho ; leave this solitude. Here let
 the guilty find security, Calamity itself ought
 never to triumph over virtue such as yours.

OTHO.

O ! leave me, Rutha ! leave me to my grief :
 for soon, I think, it will bear me where no care
 can enter. My soul is sick of this distracted scene ;

and evils rush so fiercely o'er my soul, they first
swept my peace away. And, what is worse, my
friend, the man whose life to save I could have
risked my own, has struck the blow. O Ruth,
I have a tale of woe to utter that would pain your
heart. But why with unavailing murmurs would
you seek your peace? Think not I fear the warring ele-
ments. I tell thee, Rutha, were they all com-
bined with their united force, they could not harm
like false Ingratitude's envenom'd sting. Fly from
the smooth insinuating smile, the subtle promise
of a man in power: The sacred delegates of
Heaven they seem, and lull us to repose; but
ah! my honest friend, they dream not of hereaf-
ter: though yon awful thunderer from above
weighs all their actions in an equal scale, and
will at last reward them. Farewell. Rutha, leave
this gloomy grove; for here it is certain I will
end my days.

RUTHA.

Has sad Calamity so far overwhelmed the noble
firmness of my Otho's soul, as make him cowardly
forsake his post, and fall a victim to the crime
of villains? Can you believe my heart remains
unconcerned spectator of your woe, and leave you
like the world to sigh alone? No: on my bend-
ed knee I here intreat you, rise: take pity on
your

friends; for by the sacred Powers above I
 swear, I will never leave you. One tomb shall
 receive us; and the wind shall quickly cover
 with leaves, and from the wandering traveller
 steal our lifeless trunks, if ever chance shall
 bring a traveller to this desert. Farewell, World;
 dwelling of busy men: henceforth we shall
 converse the mighty dead, and learn a language
 together new. Farewell, Friends: my kindred
 adieu! for Otho, thou art dearer to my soul
 than kindred, friends, and world;

OTHO. Heaven they seem, and
 O Rutha! generous noble Rutha! thou hast o-
 vercome me. Thy god-like friendship sure is past
 example. Give me your hand, and I will follow
 whither thou shalt lead. Thou art like the glo-
 rious luminary that clears creation, wading
 through the mist, and gladdening all around.
 My sore my heart, till thou appearedst, was cold
 death, and clouded over with sorrow. Thy
 presence has dispelled the gloom, and beamed in
 upon me. But yet thy honest, candid, faith-
 ful heart, could never dream the ills I have en-
 dured. My house by desperate ruffians rised, and
 made bare; my happy family dissolved; my fair
 partner, the dear partner of my joys or grief, with
 streaming eyes, midst all the horrors of the mid-
 night-

night-hour, forced to the woods to fly for
 She, and my helpless infants, were denied
 aid and succour in their keen distress; myse-
 liged to skulk, and, coward-like, seek refuge
 this head, doomed to be miserable, lest con-
 tempt dire had next befallen me. But when
 lovely injured excellence is now, the Heave-
 lone can tell, O Rutha! could I dare to
 her in the face, whom I deserted in her bit-
 wo!

RUTHA.

I am not ignorant, my noble Otho, how
 hast been used by cruel Agendemon. I
 how that insinuating villain Gusto, step by
 cooled his affection towards thee. Jealous of
 growing honours, he practised your ruin
 kindled up the flame that blazed upon thee.
 las! my friend! who in this fleeting wilde
 can call themselves secure? Honours, like
 dows, pass ere well perceived; or, like a
 night-meteor, quickly die. It is virtue only
 can make us smile, in spite of Fortune's frown.
 Rich in itself, it needs no borrowed ornament
 but looks most bright seen through the gh
 shamp Calamity. And when it throws away
 mortal tenement, it mounts above yon
 spheres, and far outshines the sun in lustre by

there, my Otho, shall the good man shine;
 shall Oppression, Cruelty, or Rage, e'er more
 afflict him.

OTHO.

How all my sorrows fly at your discourse, and
 your happiness beam in upon me! Sure it
 was my guardian angel sent thee thither, to rouse
 me from despair: thou hast learned me to act a
 braver part, and triumph over distress by bearing
 it. Oh! my Rutha! I am ashamed to tell thee,
 that I meanly did intend to end my days in wo,
 to pine away with grief. Methinks this rugged
 world seems smooth by thy engaging converse; and
 that dreadful rain just like the gentle dew. Such
 is the power of friendship. How far have we to
 go ere we reach the hermit's seat?

RUTHA.

Just a little further: at the foot of this descent,
 runs a purling stream, that glides between
 the mountains. By trees encircled round, there
 sits his little dwelling, just the reverse of gran-
 deur, or of woe. It is built of turf, the inside li-
 ned with birch; and here and there an offer shelf,
 holds his books. Thus, quite retired from earth,
 he quits his vain pursuits, by meditation, prayer,
 and other exercise, he fits his soul for heaven.

Lo!

Lo ! yonder is the good old man, just at the
 try of his little dwelling, gazing at the stars ;
 sure I can discern more lights than one blink
 his lonely hut. Either I have been mistake
 some unhappy person, like ourselves, have
 relieved by his humanity. Behold ! he ey
 with surprise, I think with pity mixed. Do
 good Otho, give him a salutation.

OTHO.

Hail ! Venerable Father, sole master of
 lonely place ! suffer the children of Affliction to
 lute thee. Tired with the ills of life, and
 ingratitude of perverse men, we sought a re
 in this wilderness ; chusing to herd with bea
 prey, less savage than the creatures we have
 Yet Nature frail recoiled at this fell storm,
 made us fly where we might find relief. By
 appearance, one would judge thou art past
 ills of life, and wisely flyest from man's de
 converse, to hold it with superior beings.
 prostrate at your feet, and thus demand
 blessing.

HERMIT.

Arise, my brethren ! May he whose goo
 rules the world support you in your keen dis
 Children of Affliction, dost thou say ? I give

as by that path ye will arrive at peace. Long
 I wander in the ways of wo, pushed on by
 blind ambition, and a false desire of being great.
 Alas! we have imperfect views of grandeur; and,
 like an idiot, eying some high pinnacle, whose top
 we vainly would reach, but trudges on in bogs and
 quagmires, till, quite immersed, he loses his first ar-
 dour, then sits down content. But it is improper
 here to spend your time in words. Ye have too
 long endured this bitter storm; and Nature sure
 must need support. Then follow me, and I will
 lead thee to my peaceful cot; where I, reti-
 red from human converse, see the seasons roll.
 Waked by the soaring lark, I leave my homely
 bed, and taste the pleasant silent hour, the gentle
 dawn of morn. That is the time for meditation,
 prayer, and sacred thought, when all the soul is
 calm. And when the Sun's broad beams too
 scorching prove, I to some cool refreshing spring
 repair; under the covert of some grateful shade I
 lay me down, my faithful dog stretched by my
 side; there with the dead I hold sweet conversa-
 tion, or the book of Nature read with vast delight.
 Then doth still Evening come, and with her
 brings a philosophic calmness; bids the warbling
 songsters take a pause. I likewise offer up my
 song of praise, and seek repose. Thus, day by
 day, unenvied or envying, I steal life's round a-
 way.

T

way. A little longer, and I will pass that dark and gloomy path whereof no mortal ever came back to give right information. But then alone the good man only lives. Here we but breathe; yonder we will soar with angels, and reap the fruits of abstinence below. Then cease to grieve what thou termest *distress*; and which, if rightly seen, would change its name. The virtuous are not always blessed on earth. Affliction clears the rust away, which dims our noblest lustre. For whilst we eagerly pursue the goods of life, and the heedless paths of pleasure wander, ah me! my brethren, all within is wild disorder; and the chiefest part of life forgot, that which gives dignity to all our actions, rectitude within. The soul alone is capable of happiness; and that must flow from rational delights. Fair modest Virtue, daughter of the skies, oft flies the throng, and some shade retires. There Wisdom to the soul opens all her treasures, and points to the way to perfect peace.

OTHO.

With wonder and amaze I hear his words which fall more sweet than honey dropping from the combs; and over my mind, oppressed with sorrow, soft peace is spread. O Hermit! pious soul, who by devotion, prayer, and other exercise, a

grow

grown familiar with the sons of Heaven ! by thee I am cured of folly, which had nigh overwhelm-
ed me. With other eyes I now behold my fate,
at which I mourned. I now could lift my voice
to joy, were dear Sabina to my arms restored. I
in some wilderness could end my days ; nor ever
think on Agendemon more. But, ah ! dear Ru-
tha ! there my weakness lies ; that wound incu-
rable will ever pain me.

HERMIT.

Why dost thou murmur at the ills of life, or
with the inexplicable ways of Heaven for thee re-
versed ? Nor ever dream yourself the only man
who of the bitter cup have deeply drunk, or trod
the paths of Care. Reflect, whilst the correcting
hand of Heaven thus humbles you in dust ; look
inward, and conceive it is all to try the metal of
your soul ; and as you stand the test, the gloomy
veil will be removed ; and you emerge, like
Night's majestic queen, after the earth's opposing
grossness rolled away, which had eclipsed her
beams.

This day eventful scenes have come before me.
A little past the twilight, as I took my walk with-
in the most retired recesses of the wood, and sel-
dom trod by human foot, I laid me down, be-

neath a stately oak, whose spreading branches were reflected in the silent lake, which to the eye of the beholder presents both leaves and stars. A universal silence reigned; my very breathing seemed a noise. When I a while had given my meditations vent, I heard a plaintive sound; it seemed a female voice, so faint it almost died away before it reached me. I reasoned with myself, who in this lonely place could thus lament? and the dark lowering sky foretold the coming storm. Ye blessed immortal Powers! I cried, that this sequestered vale at once should veil from public view the happy and the miserable. I started up and wondering stood, uncertain where to turn when, lo! mine ear again invaded was, with sounds, soft as an angel's song heard at the midnight-hour by dying saints, thus breaking silence.

O sable Night! with all thy terrors thou canst not affright me: thou canst not show a colour equal to my mind. Blow upon me, O Wind and whispering through the trees, O lull my woes to rest. Ah me! here in this desert I must mourn in vain. The rocks, the murmuring stream, do not relieve me. Inconstant Fortune! lately was I favoured with thy smiles, with all the flattering pomp thou canst inspire; when, lo! thy countenance

maintenance fell: thou didst frown upon me, and
 was undone. In one ill-fated hour I was de-
 void of all that gilded life, or made it worth my
 life. Oh! Heaven, restore me to — Then
 voice died away: a stream of tears denied her
 a passage. I moved toward her with
 patient steps, to help, if possible, a mortal in
 distress; when, at the foot of a huge hollow rock,
 whose bottom issues forth a limpid brook, in
 the elegance of wo, lay Beauty in despair, just
 like a lily, blooming in the wild, by some untimely
 frost defaced. Soon as the boughs, touched by
 garments, gave her notice of my near ap-
 proach, she, with a timid and beseeching look, a-
 rose, and threw herself before me. O stranger!
 woe-stricken, whose grave deportment would bespeak
 more than mortal: If thou art some mighty
 spirit of the desert, O help a frail unhappy wo-
 man! speak, and ease my fears. Rise, daughter,
 I replied; be not afraid: in me thou dost behold
 the remnant and remains of youth and strength,
 long age and watching now grown pale and meagre.
 Give me your hand, and I will lead you to my
 peaceful cot, where you may take repose. With
 modest dignity she arose. I led her, fearful and
 beset with doubts, through bog and brake;
 I must confess I felt emotions full of sympathy,
 mingled with a strong desire to know what way-
 ward

ward blow of Fate had plunged her down in excess of wo. But judging rest the fittest remedy, I made her seek repose. — A philosophical curiosity excites me to expose myself, whilst thou roars. Thus did I meet with thee. Thy Heaven, my brethren, that my solitary hut prove an asylum to distress and virtue.

OTHO.

O Hermit ! pious soul, thou art indeed guardian angel ! If what my heart forebode true, thou hast saved my dearer half. In thy description, I behold the lovely fair Sabina. — is surely she ! Her lively grief proclaims it. My heart, overcome with warring passions, grows big for utterance, — wants proper words to tell thee. — He faints !

SABINA.

Pardon me, most rever'd of men ! for this intrusion so abrupt ; but either my senses are deceived, or the well-known sounds of my lord approached mine ear, in accents so bewailing, doleful, sad, they have pierced me to the heart, and made me fly to sooth and share thy pain. Oh ! Heavens ! what do mine eyes behold ? Thou on the ground ! it is too much. — Ye bleed !

Pov

— She falls upon his neck!
— He opens his eyes !

HERMIT.

Be not disturbed, O man to ills inured ! now
all your woes be over, and every gloomy care
find place to joy. Afflictions oft-times pave the
way to peace : reject not, therefore, the advice ;
nor let thine aid be wanting to bring good from
evil, — See she moves ?

OTHO.

Have I then found thee, O Sabina ! my belo-
ved, thou brightest ornament of all my fortune ?
whose sweet presence each unruly passion flies
shamed. To thee restored, all states will be de-
lightful. Awake, my love ! and in my faithful
arms lose every care.

SABINA.

Is this a dream, a sweet delusion of the brain ?
do I really breathe within thy arms, my noble
Otho ? Then all my woes are past. No more
all Fortune, merciless and cruel, nor Fate,
with all its ministers fell and dire, e'er part us
more ? — But say, my worthy lord, where hast
thou been ? or by what miracle your life preser-
ved ?

ved? What chance procured this happy meeting?

OTHO.

What have I not endured since I beheld thee last, my fair Sabina? All that you can imagine dismal fell upon me. But it was thine absence bewailed more than my fleeting honours; and that thy tender helpless sex wanted my succour your greatest need. — But since kind Heaven has thus united us in bliss, let us not dwell on themes of sadness. — How fare my children?

SABINA.

Your children all are well. Oft, prattling by my side, they did inquire for thee, and always wondered what detained their sire. This melted me in tenderest woe; nor longer able to endure the cruel combat, I to my faithful nurse committed the dear babes, and in despair I wandered through this desert, resolved to find thee, or perish in the attempt. But Heaven has blessed my rash endeavour with success. I found thee where I least expected. To this most worthy Hermit I owe my life and happiness. — Ha! Rutha! pardon my mistake; I saw not thee.

RUTHA

RUTHA.

With pleasure and surprise I was struck dumb,
and felt the satisfaction of my friends with vast de-
light. O may it never from this happy hour be-
less sublime ! but may that virtue which has been
fore proved, feel yet a spring of happiness below ;
till, tired of earth, you gently fall asleep, and join
your kindred souls in bliss above.

OTHO.

Now, Rutha, give me your hand, thou kindest,
tendrest friend ! by whose soft friendly counsel I
am alive : henceforward let us live like children
of one family, and tread the paths of Happiness
together. Mean time within your hospitable roof,
good Venerable Sire, we will retire, and lull fa-
tigated Nature to repose.

HERMIT.

Go to your rest, my children ; and may Heaven
bless your repose ! — Still keep in your mind, this
fleeting transient state can soon deprive us of our
dearest joys. Go on in Virtue's sacred path ; it
will of itself reward you with content. Though
here it is often scorned, in more superior regions
it will bloom and flourish with unfading lustre.

PART SECOND.

HAil! glorious fountain of light and heat,
 the world revives at thy chearing beam.
 The shades of Darkness fly thy approach: whither
 thy fair harbinger, daughter of the dawn, mount
 her ruddy chariot in the skies, astonished Darkness
 shrinks aghast, and leaves the undisputed ruler
 the day.

Now the thunder had ceased to roar. The morning
 rose with a pleasing ray. The herbs and
 flowers perfumed the air with a sweeter scent,
 and fair Creation looked smiling and gay. When
 Otho left his bed of rest, Heaven had chased
 away corroding Grief, and peaceful slumbers
 freshed his frame. He went forth with a heart
 gladdened, and joined the early warblers in a song
 of praise.

OTHO'S PRAYER.

REJOICE in the Lord, O my soul! for he
 holdeth thy steps. Arise in the morning, and
 hymn aloud his praise. Before the beasts of the
 field

field come forth, or the fowls of heaven leave their nest, proclaim with humble gratitude his gracious ways. Praise the Lord, O my soul ! Praise the Lord, thy bountiful benefactor ; who has delivered thee from despair and death ; whose watchful providence has conducted thee into the paths of Peace ; who has preserved thee through the silent night, and opened thine eyes to the cheerful morn. Up, then, with alacrity, and praise thy Maker : serve him with fear and reverence through the day : obey his commands with pleasure, till life's short date be past : then shall Death approach thee with an angel's form, and become the kind messenger to lead thee into perfect peace.

Thus prayed Otho, and his soul was cheered. The flowers seemed solicitous to court his attention ; and every object he beheld, stirred within him a source of joy. He beheld Rutha and the Hermit at a distance. They had got the start of him, and were admiring the wisdom of God, who made thunder and lightning produce such salutary effects upon Nature. He advanced to meet them with hasty steps, and accosted his revered host with the salutations of grateful joy. Behold, Otho ! said the Hermit, how beautiful the earth appears ! what fine painting adorns all Na-

ture ! The air is perfumed with the most delightful fragrance, whilst the artless melody of the groves completes the harmony. Ask each tree or flowering shrub in this blooming wilderness, how they shunned the lightning's blast ? or where slept the tuneful tribe, when Nature seemed to reel, and threatened to expire ? Are they not rather clad in new beauty ? The lively verdure excites delight. Striking emblem, my friend, of that blessed calm your mind will soon evince, if, affianced in the guidance of Heaven, you view the storms that are past as necessary to dispel the mist that dims your intellectual eye, as the thunder has cleared the air, and given refreshment to the earth below. But come ; for Morning is yet a child : whilst Sabina sleeps, retire to yonder bower. If my request be not presuming, I long to hear each incident of that life, which Providence has varied with pleasure and pain. — Otho bowed consent ; and seating themselves in a pleasing arbour, without any preamble, thus began his tale.

The History of OTHO.

You desire me, most excellent Hermit, to recollect scenes that are past. To thee I owe more than

than life; and if the vicissitudes that have taken place in mine can claim your attention, hearken whilst I relate the means used by successful Vice to insnare, and at last totally overwhelmed, unsuspecting Virtue.

From an illustrious line of renowned ancestors I derive my birth. But that will avail little in your eye, thou wisest of the sons of men! When Virtue does not blazon over those accidental circumstances, high birth only renders its owners more contemptible. But their names stand high in the list of the brave. Strong were their arms in the war; whilst their wisdom settled, and often preserved the peace.

But I mean not to tire your ear with their exploits, though for ages unnumbered they swelled the rolls of Fame; but it is necessary to give you my father's history, the better to illustrate and make you understand my own.

The potent earldom of ——— devolved on his head in the twentieth year of his age, by the death of his father. He revered his mother; and she deserved his filial regard. She presided with judgement and dignity over his affairs; nor ever gave it over till the day of her death. Lu-
dovico,

Ludovico, father to Agendemon, was a graceful prince. His strength lay in his people's affection. Whilst they risked their lives and fortunes to serve his glory, his goodness and wisdom courted the means to make the first happy, render the latter secure. — Blessed Prince ! whose life is modelled by equity and truth ! happy people ! on whom Heaven in love and mercy bestows such a prince !

Great souls are quickly enamoured of correspondent virtues ; whilst the wicked survey them with malignant spleen, and meanly endeavour to tarnish their lustre. But Ludovico singled me out from all his train, and made his breast a repository of his secret thoughts. He repaid my confidence with mutual trust. Sacred friendship formed the key which locked them safe in his heart. He acquired the liberty of speaking his thoughts with freedom, when interested courtiers suggested schemes which he conceived hurtful to the public weal : he boldly protested against the measure, though aided by the sovereign voice. This gave rise to cabals and secret intrigues. Dark schemes were put in practice, to sow distrust in his sovereign's heart ; all which only crucified the authors, and made his innocence blaze more bright. The King's virtue beheld a conduct

opposed

opposite to the servility of a court with the high-
 applause. He blessed Heaven for giving him
 a man whose integrity led him to risk his anger,
 to preserve unfulfilled his renown. In short, he be-
 came prime minister of state. None were admit-
 ted to any trust who had not the sanction of his
 applause. Knowing him above all venal bribes,
 his recommendations were sure of success; nor
 would his nearest friends procure his vote, if he
 deemed them unfit for the office he solicited.

The King delighted to do him honour, calling
 him the great staff which supported the realm;
 whilst he, with indefatigable zeal, laboured to ba-
 tle bribery and corruption; encouraging the arts,
 promoting those who were eminent in any of
 them. Honest Industry raised her head; and smi-
 ling Plenty, with an angel's mien, lulled the la-
 bourer's heart into peace.

The King had a custom of going with my fa-
 ther in disguise to several parts of the kingdom;
 where they were entertained as strangers, and
 had an opportunity of hearing the voice of Truth,
 and viewing men as they are; found out intrigues
 ere they were freely ripe, and by an artful con-
 cealment crushed it often in the birth; redressed grie-
 vances, which oppressed merit modestly concealed;
 and

and often had the pleasure of hearing their advice highly extolled. But they did not trust this serious scheme to any ear but their own. There was a castle two miles from court, surrounded with planting, and so contrived as at all times to regale the senses. Art was so disposed as to resemble Nature, and might be justly termed a seat of the Muses. To that delightful place they often retired; and whilst there, it was a rule for any person to invade their privacy. From this place they emerged, undiscerned, to their various routes, and always returned with the same caution.

One day, as my father assisted the King to equip for their private expedition, he pressed his hand betwixt his, and with a gracious smile thus began.

Dear Otho, friend of my heart, and support of my fame: no words can utter what I feel through your presence. Mean are the joys which royalty can bring, or the soothing voice of adulation inspire: the thinking mind, mocked with an empty farce, shrinks within itself, demanding more than pomp can bestow. Friendship is banished from courts; Sincerity flies from the monarch's ear; but Friendship alone can sweeten life.

make us anticipate that felicity which awaits us in the regions of the blessed; unmixed with those incidents, which, mingling with our own folly, often thwart the pure flame below. But why does thy solicitude for my glory banish from thy mind what thou owest thyself? Perceivest thou not, my friend, how the rolling years insensibly push thee into the noon of life? Hast thou forgot, that upon thy fleeting breath depends the growth or total extinction of the Othonian line? In vain does Beauty spread its charms to your view: your callous heart resists the soft impression. The ghosts of your noble ancestors glare around us. See the warlike troop beckon mine aid to preserve their decaying race!

My father was moved with this mark of his Majesty's affection. Tears, spite of himself, trickled down his cheek. He told him, the realm had always ingrossed his care; and should he attach himself to a family, that attention would be divided. Hush, Otho! said the King; you must trifle no longer; look round the beauties of the court; to the first of them you may pretend; and always remember I am your friend. But let us away: I long to put off the fetters of Majesty. In our excursions, when disguised, we have the felicity of hearing the sentiments of the public, un-

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mixed

mixed with Flattery's noxious weed; of enjoyment the hospitality of our kind receivers with equal and ease.

They quickly issued forth, and met with adventures too trifling to mention; but returning through the forest of ———, they were overtaken with a dreadful storm. Thunder and lightning made the desert ring. The livid flames flash-

ing through the gloom, made visible every tree in the wood, and threatened to lay the blooming foliage withered on the ground. Come, Otho said the King; let us seek a shelter. The angry elements owe us no fealty; and over the rude blustering wind we have no sway. Nigh this wilderness lives ———, first Knight of my realm. For generous hospitality he is famed; and, lo! light beams from his hall. Shivering they approached the gate: though the storm had not ceased, they still felt its effects. But the voice of Music charmed their attention, as if some smiling cherub had touched the lyre. Through a window they beheld a nymph, fairer than Arcadia could boast. The Graces played on her artless brow; whilst mingled Dignity drew respect from the soul. She accompanied the lute with her voice, and sung the exploits of Ludovico, assisted by Otho, the right-hand of war. At inter-

resting

resting parts, the notes and voice seemed to die away so irresistibly sweet, that the ravished soul dissolved in ecstacy. Sure, cried my father, in a rapture, this is no mortal form! Some courteous

angel has assumed this look, and imitated those sounds, to mitigate our present destiny. Ye Powers of Heaven! he exclaimed, where are we? Gracious Prince, let us fly; for this is all enchantment.

The King smiled; but knocked at the gate, and instantly obtained admittance. Here the distressed traveller found a temporary riddance of every care. The Knight was absent; but his beautiful daughter, fraught with all the hospitality of her sire, welcomed the strangers with a modest grace. The King slyly asked her, what hero it was whose actions she so melodiously rendered up to Fame? She sweetly recited his own renown; and dwelt pathetically on my father's praise. Truth, sanctity, and wisdom, shone in every word. My father felt unknown powers fixing a pleasing empire over his soul; and when the hour of retiring to rest approached, he wondered how the winged moments had flown so swift a way. Gray morning appeared, which first whispered him, he had passed a sleepless night. Trembling he left his bed; but the ardour that usually

pushed him away from such excursions was not
 be found. The King was first equipped, and
 smiled at his fond delay; for he hovered long
 about like a shadow; which indeed he was, having
 left the substance behind. They rode to the
 bower in silence. The King, pleased with the
 growing passion, interrupted not the soft reverie,
 and when they arrived, heedless of his wonted de-
 ty, he threw himself on the sofa, sighing like the
 breezes fanned by the western wind. His Majesty
 burst into a loud laugh; which made him start
 and awkwardly attempt an excuse. But the
 King's raillery grew too severe. He was fain
 to show the hidden flame that glowed within him,
 and begged the fair Angelina might be procured
 for his wife. The motion pleased the King; and
 my father went in his own form to wait on the
 Knight; and had the pleasure to find, that in his
 disguise he had likewise charmed the maid. The
 Knight thought his alliance an honour; and the
 nuptials were celebrated with the utmost splen-
 dour, assisted by the King, and all the nobles
 of the court. He carried her to the hall of his fa-
 thers. He had neglected it for the service of the
 King; who, in return, made it again shine in for-
 mer splendour. Sweet were the first days of the
 union, and pleasant the end thereof! A love
 fixed like theirs knows no satiety, nor terminates

with

h mortal life! Blessed pair! ye now in
 the regions of the just, filled with that di-
 vine flame which never shall decay.

It was the sole pledge of their affection: my
 birth gave universal joy, and occasioned the song
 of the bards. Fair and unclouded rose the morn-
 ing life. Be humbled, ye proud! whose heads
 are lifted high. Who could have thought this
 child of Fortune and Fame, in a few circling
 years, by a sad reverse, would become the outcast
 of both?

My father's attendance on the King threw the
 education of my tender years on my mother's care;
 which she executed beyond the run of her sex.
 Her soul was the mansion of Wisdom and Virtue.
 She imprinted the sacred lessons on my heart;
 which became obedient in her hands, as reeds to
 the winds of Summer. By her address, the pre-
 cepts of Religion and Virtue stole unawares upon
 me. She never strained the young mind beyond
 its pitch; but watched the opening dawn; and,
 as it could conceive, let the grand precepts of
 Christianity beam in full splendour, to allure, to
 captivate, to force into practice those beautiful
 truths, whose lustre shone so bright in this present
 scene,

scene, and promised immense rewards when
 should utterly decay.

My father, pleased with my growing ability,
 appointed me an able tutor; and when I had
 attained my tenth year, I was brought to court.

The King ordered me a place among the
 pages; and often gave me marks of his approbation.
 Dear to my young heart were the first marks
 my Sovereign's applause: it made me sedulous
 gain his esteem. In every branch of literature
 made surprising progress; and soon surpassed
 my copartners in renown. Agendemon, who
 some years older, showed little taste for abstruse
 learning; but in every martial exercise he excelled;
 was of a comely presence, and majestic
 portment. Agriculture was his chief study;
 which, through time, he became a proficient.
 could name every herb of the field, and its use
 and in cultivating the blooming parterre he took
 vast delight. But his ear was not shut to the
 voice of Praise; of which he was emulous to
 serve. But, alas! the language of a court is
 disguise. The sycophant often assumes Sincerity
 fair form, and leads the unsuspecting heart astray.
 That weakness in the heart of Agendemon was the
 source from whence the mingled miseries of

He took their rise. He loved pleasure, and could brook no controul; but concealed those inclinations from the King, by an exterior appearance of virtue. An engaging address gained him every heart. The aged courtiers exulted in his growing worth; whilst the sycophant, on whom worth was no power, worshipped the rising sun, which one day to gild their hemisphere. A war with his allies broke out, through the ambition of Gerald, one of the princes of ~~the~~. He invaded his dominions in a hostile manner; and would have made Ludovico tributary to his avare. The method the King always kept, prevented any disorder. A council of his ablest statesmen were convened, and an army instantly sent to the field. Agendemon appeared like the god Mars, shining in splendid array; like a fair rose in spring, whose blooming foliage delights the eye. I too was honoured with command, though only in my fifteenth year. How my young heart was elated with the prospect of fame! and bounded with the hope of signalising myself in some worthy exploit! Fortune guided my arm to save Agendemon from the fury of his enemies. His valour pushed him into the hottest part of the battle.

I beheld him fiercely assailed on all hands, overcome by numbers, he was tumbled from horse. This fight distracted me. I rushed in his relief, without thinking on my own danger. Despair guided my arm, which dealt destruction at every blow. Astonishment seized my enemies and aided my conquest. But long it could not have availed me, had not a number of brave men viewed my situation, and flown to my relief. The confusion of their entrance made our foes give way ; which inspired us with courage. We fought like men who were determined to sell their lives and liberties at the dearest rate. The shadow of Night increased the horror : a cry of victory from our side occasioned universal terror : Disorder stalked on every hand : our foes were defeated, and put to flight.

The prince and I were carried off the field covered with blood and dust. I had many wounds all over my body ; but the applause received from all the officers more than balanced my pains. A squire called me his deliverer ; and wrote his encomiums of my action to the King, that the whole court resounded with my fame.

Gerald's army were so routed, that he was g

mention terms of peace; which Ludovico concluded on honourable conditions.

But I must not omit an incident which took place during our residence there, as you will find the sequel of my history. It is connected with some interesting parts of my life. One night as I was patrolling round the camp, the moon shone with unclouded lustre. I strayed insensibly towards a wood at some distance. A pleasing river displayed the waving branches in its pure bosom. A cry of distress roused me from my reverie; and a repetition made me fly after the sound. Help! help! for Heaven's sake! echoed from a female voice, was enough to rouse all my ardour. Upon coming up to the place, I found a chariot driving on with violence; a lady striving to disengage herself from a man that forcibly detained her. I cut the reins, and ordered the driver to stop at his peril. My glittering blade, and determined aspect, struck him dumb. But the man in the chariot bade him drive on, asking what boldness made me interfere in their affairs. O hapless maid! said the lady, and the blessed Powers will reward the deed. And you shall be saved, O beautiful nymph! I replied, or my life shall fly away in your defence. Here I opened the chariot-door, to pull her by force

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from

from her ravisher. But he, determined to defend his prize, made a push at me with his sword.

I pulled him to the ground, and we fought with keenness. I got a wound in my shoulder; he made a push at my antagonist, which tumbled him to the ground.

Tell me, wretch ! said I, who has put you to this horrid action ? Your life is in my hand ; and from your devoted head Truth only can ward off the blow.

Carry her to the Prince, said the faultless wretch. She is destined to make him happy ; it is by his orders I act ; and if you are a subject, you will not dare to baffle Agendemon in his pleasures.

Infamous impeacher ! I replied ; stain not the Prince with an act so vile. Myself will carry you to his presence ; where your villany will be condemned, and meet its reward. At this the afflicted fair sprung from the chariot, wrung her hands and fell at my feet. She was beautiful as an angel, her beseeching posture, and plaintive accents, might have moved an anchorite, thus accosting me.

Next to divine preserver of mine honour,
 may thy noble conduct to me draw Heaven's best
 blessings on thy head ! Be sure your soul is re-
 plete with dignity, and will assist afflicted Inno-
 cence : then shield and save me from the view of
 your Prince. There is one who will feel for my
 captivity, as the lioness does the loss of her young,
 when violently torn from her embrace. To him
 restore me, my generous deliverer ! and if he
 thanks thee not, may we be again separated by
 vast tracts of land and sea. — As my servant had
 followed at a distance, I dispatched him to the
 camp for aid. The reins of the chariot were in-
 stantly repaired ; and I ordered the wounded victim
 to be put in a place of safety, till I heard from
 the Prince the truth of the whole. I put the lady
 beside me in the chariot ; who, as we drove on,
 gave me her history in these terms.

My father, you know, is one of the chief Lords
 of court. He has a villa in this neighbourhood,
 to which I accompanied him some months ago.
 On our return home, he heard the proclamation
 of war ; and being to join the army, hired lod-
 gings for me at a little distance, till he saw the is-
 sue of the battle. I was betrothed to Rutha,
 whose merit Fame has loudly sounded ; and, but
 for this little excursion, we had been inseparably

united. His valour likewise brought him to the field; nor will it seem strange to a soul like yours, that he often visited my retreat.

Often, whilst he left me, I spied a man whose appearance was doubtful; but was too happy to think any evil near me. Last night, as the Lord Rutha left me, I followed him with my eyes, till I lost him in air; and straying insensibly out of my path, was suddenly seized by a man, where I was aware, forced me into this chariot. When I reproached him for depriving me of my liberty, he replied, I was going to the Prince, who would make me the envy of every maid; and whose love would soon reconcile me to my fate. I wept — I tore my hair! — but in vain! — His marble heart, obdurate in evil, mocked at my woe! — till Heaven sent you to my relief. Blessed be thy valorous arm, O youth! May victory ever follow thee triumphant on your sword! and may the sweetest voice of Fame give your noble actions immortal renown!

This tale was wrapt up in darkness. I knew my Prince could never authorise a deed so vile; and when I recounted to him the truth, astonishment struck him dumb. He confessed Avignor had told him of a maid who had consented to the scheme

theme of being carried away : but when he heard her quality, and to whom she was betrothed, he blushed to think such an outrage bore the sanction of his name. I soon appeased the tumult of his breast ; and by my address prevailed on Rutha to draw a veil over the affront, lest it had reached the King's ear : for such was his virtue, that not the Prince's merit could have prevented the disgrace.

What grateful motions, O Rutha ! arose in thy heart, when I delivered the fair Ermina in safety to thy arms ! Whilst the dread of what she had well nigh endured made her over-rate my valour, as she dwelt on the horrid tale, her beautiful face, like Aurora blushing in the east, was covered with a crimson veil.

The wounded Avignor was carefully attended. Agendemon despised his corrupt soul ; but his taste for pleasure made him countenance a wretch whose vileness could stoop to any means for promoting it. Fatal weakness in man ! but in the heart of a prince, a malignant stream, whose infected current overflows every virtuous plant, and chokes the noble growth.

We

We returned to court; where his Majesty gave me a reception beyond my deserts; and raised to honours above my years. But though the path of Honour is alluring, it is beset with snare. Envy raised her wrinkled visage, and scowled viewed my rising fame. Though the sphere then moved in was too glorious for their malice reach, all seemed solicitous to court my attention whilst my interest raised many to honour, and power of renown.

Elpenor, a young lord of a pleasing aspect and mild address, was led by Ambition to seek in friendship. So well he imitated Truth's form, that his specious manner quickly won my heart, and I poured its inmost recesses into his breast. I spoke to the King in his favour, and my word advanced him to honour and fame.

The rising prospects of the youth shed a joy over my soul, as the husbandman surveys the ear with delight, when fruitful Ceres flows her grain in its lap. He anticipates Autumn's plenteous crop, and views his barns richly crowned. O Elpenor! how are the bands of amity and truth weakened by thy deceit! Who shall trust a seeming excellence, or depend on Friendship's noblest boast, lest the fair semblance conceal treachery?

and lurking Falsehood emerge from under the sacred veil? But from its assumed votaries the sharp wind of Adversity blows the mask away; while those that are real, link more firm, and bid defiance to its rude blasts. Little did I then think, O most worthy Hermit, that I was cherishing a viper in my bosom, whose envenomed bite had well nigh torn my heart. He concealed inclinations from my knowledge, which he knew my principles would condemn: for so forcible were the precepts of my youth, that they influenced every action of my life; and so strict was the virtue of the King, that open Vice showed not its head at court; with him the road to preferment led through the pure vale of Truth and Honour. Such salutary rules produced the noblest effects; the courtiers either were, or seemed to be, ruled by Virtue.

The King admitted me to their secret councils, and often asked my opinion on matters of state. At first I blushed to decide on such intricate topics; but finding him resolved to sound my depth, I carefully studied every event, till I clearly beheld the springs by which each political engine was modelled. The faculties of the mind are strengthened by exertion; as Heaven's refreshing dew makes herbs and flowers bloom fresh and gay.

gay. Such exercises roused my mind from inaction, and made contemplation my delight; drunk deep of Helicon's exhilarating stream, till I became enamoured of the Muses; and they repaid my toil, by shedding a serene light over my soul. They displayed Religion and Virtue in the most captivating dress to my view. Their influence polished my deeper studies, and softened the severity of abstruse scenes. Blessed is the youth who early thirsts after Philosophy and Virtue. They seat him on a pleasing eminence; where he breathes the air of Liberty, and rises superior to Pleasure's enervating tie. The loud roar of Passion is hushed to peace by Reason's powerful penetrating ray. Improper ideas once opposed render their influence weak; and perseverance makes the conquest sure. Though the lot of humanity precludes perfection, by daring to conquer, it is wonderful how great man can be.

Elpenor and I were often at hunting-parties together. We chased the wild goat over rocks and mountains; whilst Health, like a ruddy nymph, touched our nerves with her grateful vigour. One day, as I pursued the deer with impetuous swiftness, my horse was uncurbed and fierce; and ere I was aware threw me to the ground; which dislocated my shoulder. Stunned

with

with the fall, I lay speechless; but recovering, found myself in a litter; Elpenor at my side, with looks of the most eager inquiry after my situation. I was conveyed to a sweet retreat, which chanced to belong to Elpenor, whose sister at that time was regaling away the summer-months in that charming abode, full of woods, groves, and interspersed water, with every beauty fit to inspire rural tranquillity.

Able physicians were instantly called; who set my arm, though not without immense pain; and next day I fell into a fever, which threatened my life. The whole court was alarmed, as the King himself seemed so sensible of the blow; and came in person, with my father, to console me in my distress. In time my youth and strength subdued the fever's rage. I grew quiet, and out of danger. Elpenor never quitted my bed; and his sister, beautiful as the rosy Morn, presented my medicines with a sweet solicitude; which, when I became sensible of my state, produced powerful effects on my heart.

Elpenor observed them with joy; and when I grew a little better, on pretence of important business, left me whole days alone with my fair physician.

She read to me at times with the most graceful accent; and with hands of snow touched the harp in notes so sweet as quickly melted my soul. The infection stole unperceived; I was lost ere I was aware.

Then in vain did Philosophy, and a love-science, which I thought would have guarded my heart from female charms, now aid me. Those elevated views fell before the soft seduction upon whose smile my whole happiness now depended. — Vain confidence! arrogant ideas! who do you dwell in the heart of man? Were he conscious of his frame, Humility would erect her throne in his breast; and, by her precaution guard him from those snares which often trap the self-secure.

I disclosed my sentiments to Elpenor; who declared, his happiness would be complete to claim me by so dear a tie. I likewise told the soft tale to the fair Vanessa; who modestly referred me to her brother. But the sweet language of love in the humid beam of her eye, and spoke unutterable things. Fired with the soft impression, hastened to court, to procure consent to have our union completed. His Majesty embraced me with affection, and thanked Heaven for my recovery.

As soon as I was alone with my father, I threw myself at his feet, and avowed my passion in such a warm manner, as struck him dumb. He turned his face from my presence, and heaved a deep sigh; — walked a long while in a thoughtful silence, which I durst not interrupt; — at last, My son, said he, resist this growing passion, as I foresee it must stop your rising fame. Let a few years roll over your head, ere you fix in life. Great are thine endowments, O my son; cultivate them for the good of others; for the King's sake, who feels joy in your mental powers, and wishes to spread their influence over the realm. — I bathed his hand with my tears; but lost the power of utterance; and ere I could reply, the King entered the room, and surprised us in this unutterable scene. Amazement, grief, and confusion, alternately stopped every tongue. His Majesty looked wishfully upon us; and thus began.

Tell me, Otho, what means your tearful eye? Is it thus you welcome your son from Death's awful jaw? Gracious Sovereign! he replied; Heaven be praised for my son's life. At present I tremble for the death of his fame. Then he recounted all I have told you to the King; who shrugged up his shoulders, threw himself in a chair, and stared at me in silence. As one who has ignorantly

norantly hugged a serpent to his breast, discovering the dangerous inmate, starts with horror from the envenomed bite, I roused from my soft enchantment, and threw myself at his feet.

Pardon, most revered Majesty; and you, my excellent parent, pardon a wretch, whose folly he offended. Behold me, at your feet, willing to submit to Wisdom's sacred rule.

Arise, Otho, said the King: I know your conquest is complete, if you attempt the cure. You are already far advanced up the hill of Excellence; nor must the Syren voice of Passion stop the glorious march. I have other purposes to employ your thoughts, that your present scheme would entirely frustrate. Go and recover; I leave you to yourself. Remember, I think nothing too difficult for an Otho to surmount. — So saying, he led my father away, and left me in a state past description; Love and Reason, like two enraged warriors, battling in my soul. — How shall I give you an adequate idea of what passed within my heart? On the one side, the beautiful Vanessa rushed on my thoughts, with the mildest attention in her looks, whilst she tended my distress with the ardour of affection. Her fair eyes suffused with tears, wishing to tear my faithless image from

from her heart. On the other hand, the King
and my father disapproving of my choice, mildly
treating me to delay. The King's confidence
in my fortitude and victory over myself, produced
amazing effects. But the conflict was too severe
for my weakness. Again I fell into the fever's
rage; and again the whole court was alarmed
for my life.

THE sequel of *OTHO* shall be given in some
subsequent publication, if the public approve of
the specimen. Perhaps it will not be the less ac-
ceptable to many readers, that it has truth for its
foundation, and is not entirely the flights of
fancy.

On the other hand, the King's
disposition of my choice, mildly
The King's co-operation
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But the conflict was too severe
The whole court was alarmed

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Advocate
Letter to the Signet
of Tullybodie
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David Adam, head, of the public approve of
in Adam, Edin; it will not be the less ac-
Anne Adie
George Adie at Carnock has been for in
Adie and is not worthy the name of
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